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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editors:

Heavy Metal is the only magazine I know of that has lived up to, met, and surpassed all the great things the advertisements say. Your art staff is incredible! Only two people could possibly improve it. And then in *HM* #4, my wish comes true! Frank Frazetta is #1 in the comic-fantasy field. Berni Wrightson's art is very often mouth-gaping. Needless to say, these two gentlemen will up your art somewhat when they appear.

Keep up the great work! (please).

Heavy Metal Fan #1,
Jeff Diamond

Dear Jeff: Wrightson, we have — see back cover — (and, by the way, that cover is available as a poster from Christopher Enterprises, 14164 West Outer Drive, Detroit, Michigan 48239, by sending $4, which includes postage and handling). But Frazetta's a little harder to land, having become the darling of Newsweek *and* Esquire. *— Eds.*

To *Heavy Metal*:

HM is a fantastic magazine, but indeed it has some shortcomings. As, for instance, the format. In my copies, it seems as if it is too small; sometimes the panels cannot be at the page, a little of them don't get printed. And — is it possible to make *HM* with a stronger cover?

Moebius has also made another mervellous strip, "Le Bandard Fou." As far as I know, it also was Les Humanoides Associés who published it, so perhaps you could bring it in *HM*? And perhaps a little Frazetta, too?

Jesper Gimbel
Paludan Mullersvep 13
5230 Odense M
Denmark, Europe

Dear Jesper: That Moebius "strip" is included in the Arzach *book we have just published. (Plug) If you have ideas for strong covers, send 'em along. And who is this Frazetta guy, anyway? — Eds.*

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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 7 October 1977

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...AND...

To those of you who are eagerly awaiting the apocalyptic punch line to Ed Davis's "World Apart" series in this issue: tough.

M. Davis is not with us this month for medical reasons (none of yr business).

End of known world therefore delayed 4 wks due to circumstances.

What we *do* have is a new Theodore Sturgeon story — the envelope in which the ms. arrived is tacked to the wall and salaamed to daily — & a preview chapter from a '78 *HM* book, *Jean Cyriaque*.

Coming up (in Dec.), a chapter from Steven Spielberg's own novelization of his film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

The 16 pages of Moebius herein should serve to remind us that reality is for people who can't face drugs.

& Mark Kozlowski took the only known photograph of Jack the Ripper, which appeared last month with the Zelazny piece.

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Collector's Items

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. ($4.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($3.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($2.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($2.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. ($2.00)

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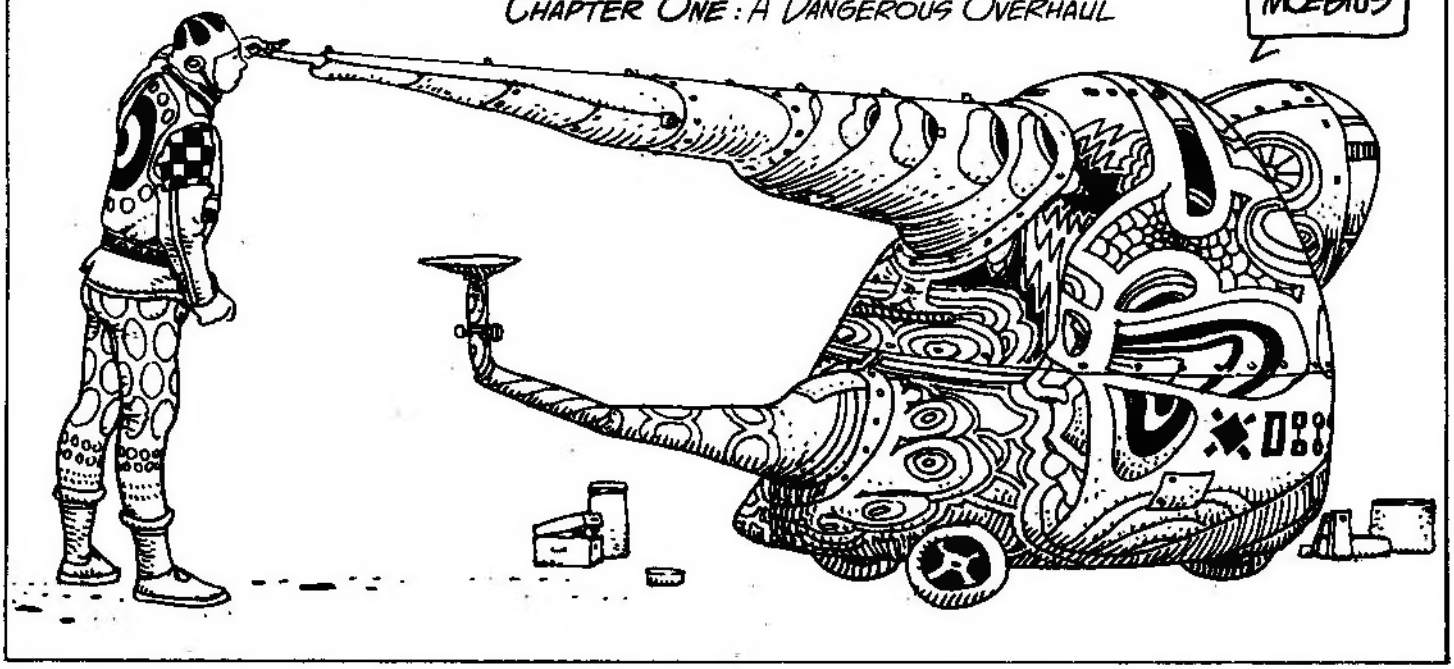
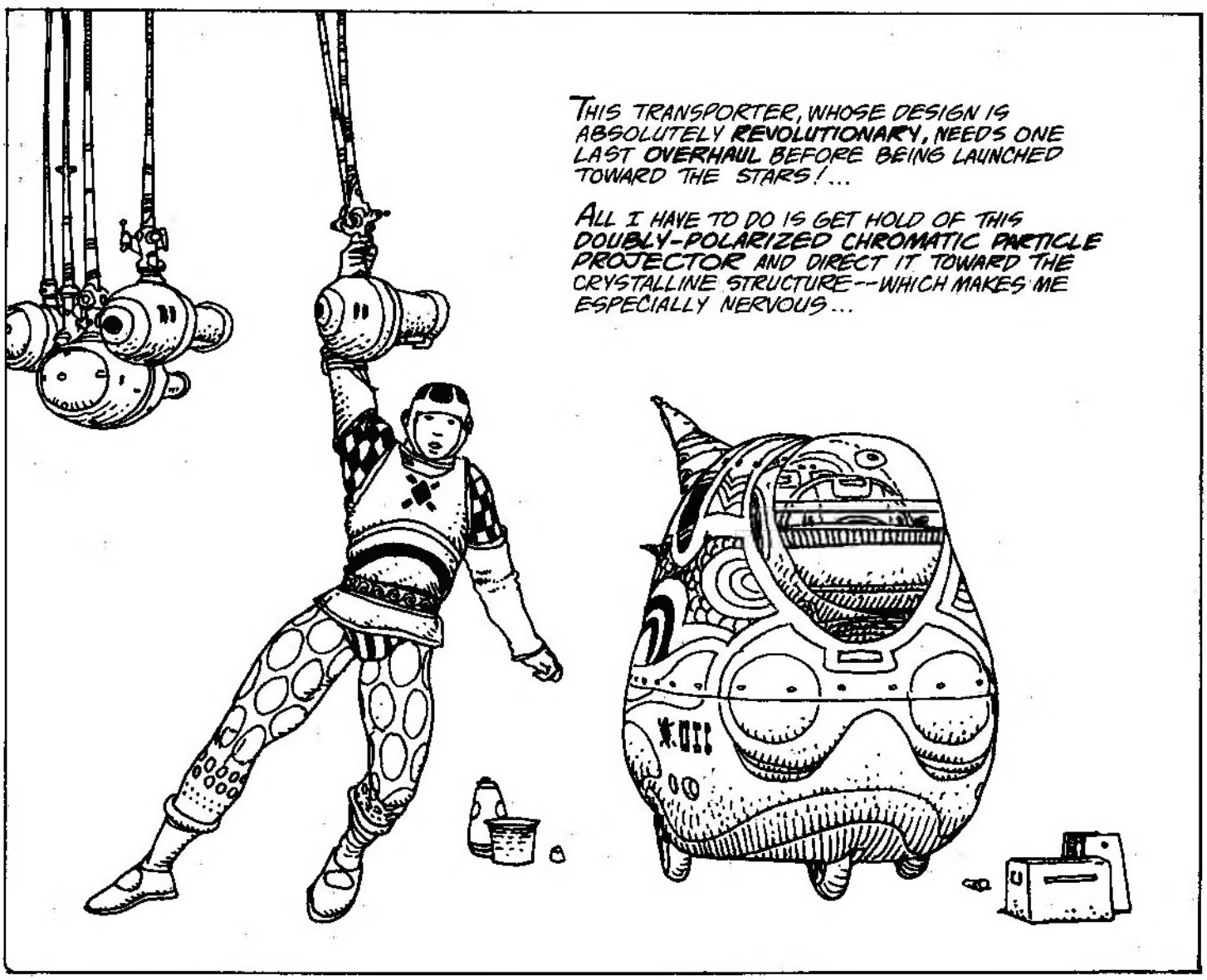
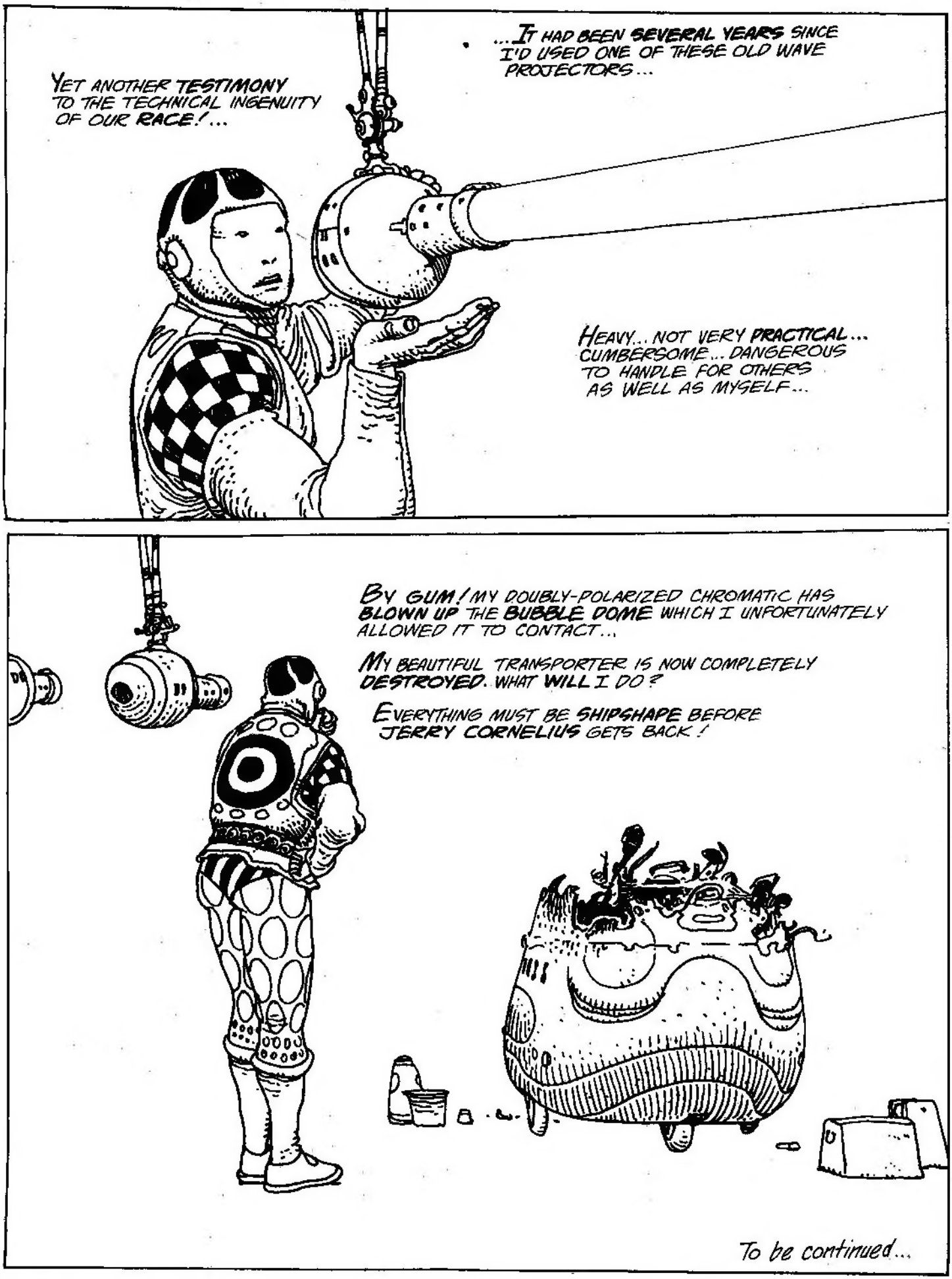
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORNELIUS

by MŒBIUS

CHAPTER ONE: A DANGEROUS OVERHAUL




THIS TRANSPORTER, WHOSE DESIGN IS ABSOLUTELY REVOLUTIONARY, NEEDS ONE LAST OVERHAUL BEFORE BEING LAUNCHED TOWARD THE STARS!...
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET HOLD OF THIS DOUBLY-POLARIZED CHROMATIC PARTICLE PROJECTOR AND DIRECT IT TOWARD THE CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE--WHICH MAKES ME ESPECIALLY NERVOUS...


YET ANOTHER TESTIMONY TO THE TECHNICAL INGENUITY OF OUR RACE!...
...IT HAD BEEN SEVERAL YEARS SINCE I'D USED ONE OF THESE OLD WAVE PROJECTORS...
HEAVY... NOT VERY PRACTICAL... CUMBERSOME... DANGEROUS TO HANDLE FOR OTHERS AS WELL AS MYSELF...
BY GUM! MY DOUBLY-POLARIZED CHROMATIC HAS BLOWN UP THE BUBBLE DOME WHICH I UNFORTUNATELY ALLOWED IT TO CONTACT...
MY BEAUTIFUL TRANSPORTER IS NOW COMPLETELY DESTROYED. WHAT WILL I DO?
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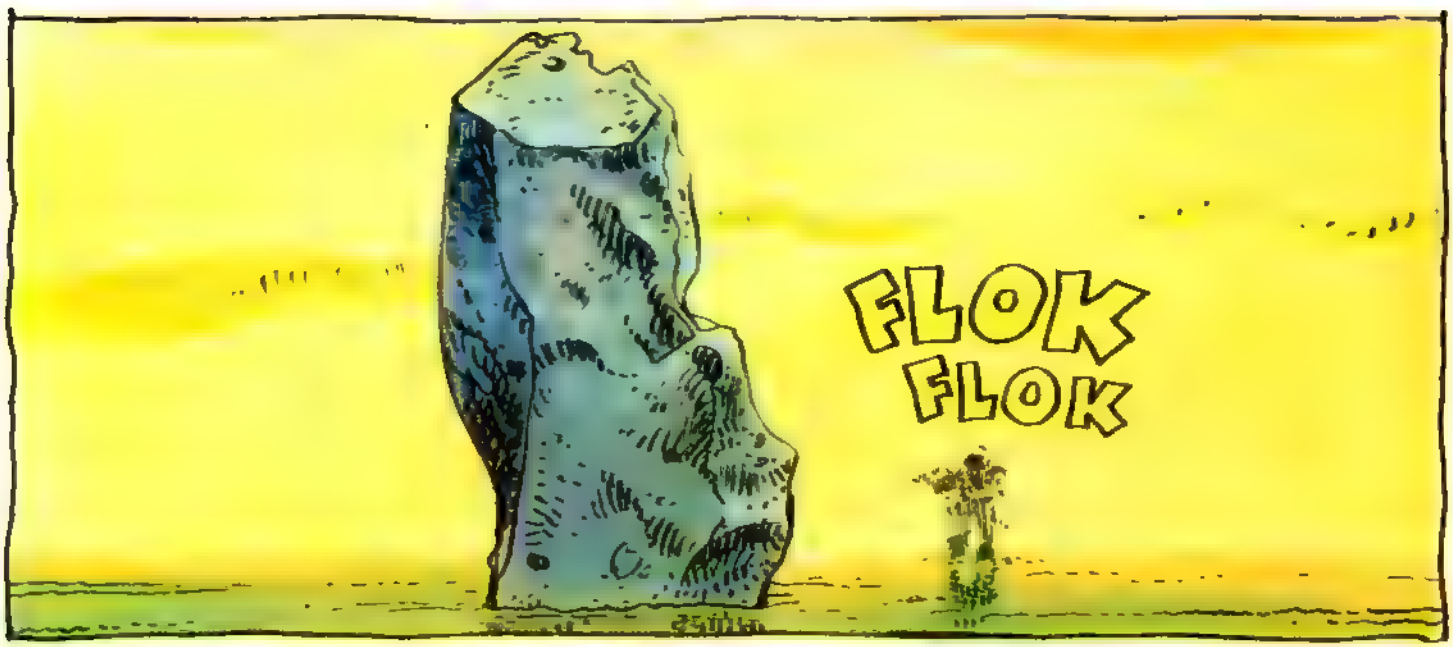

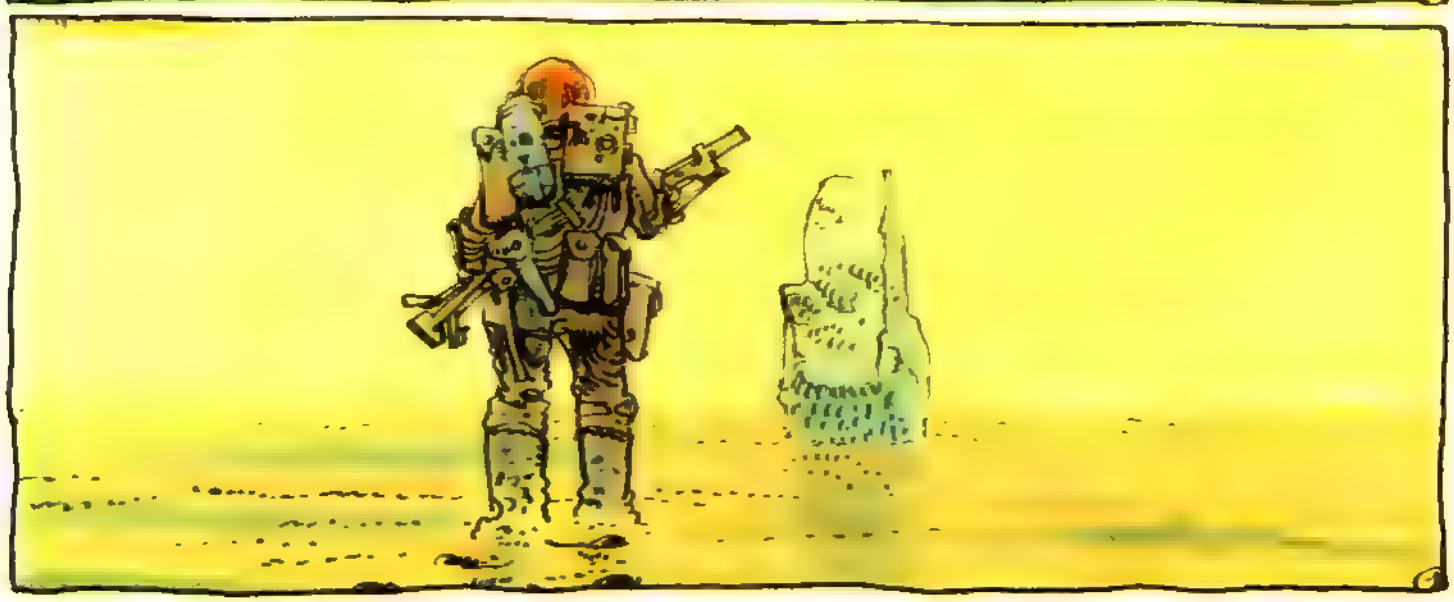

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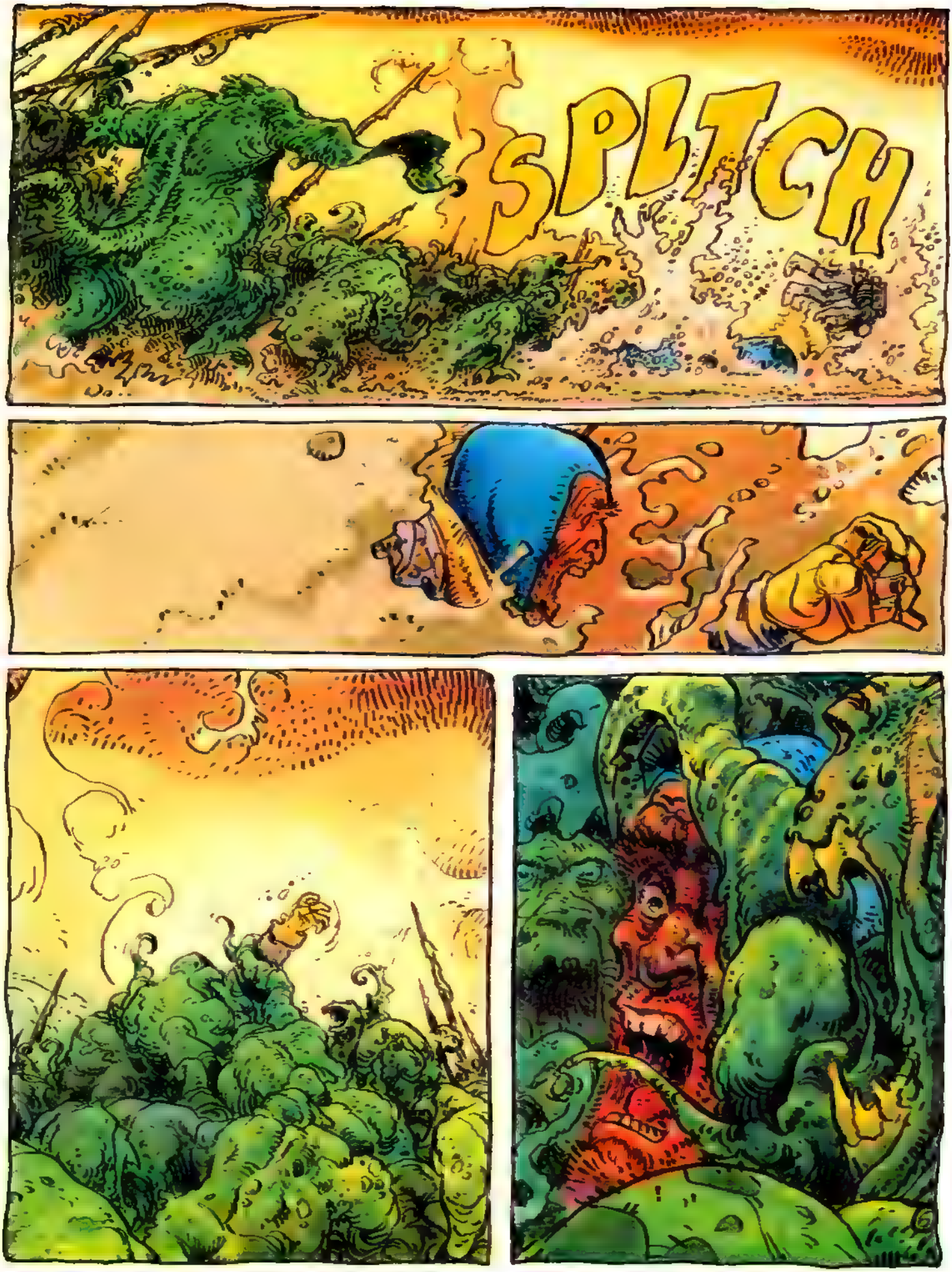
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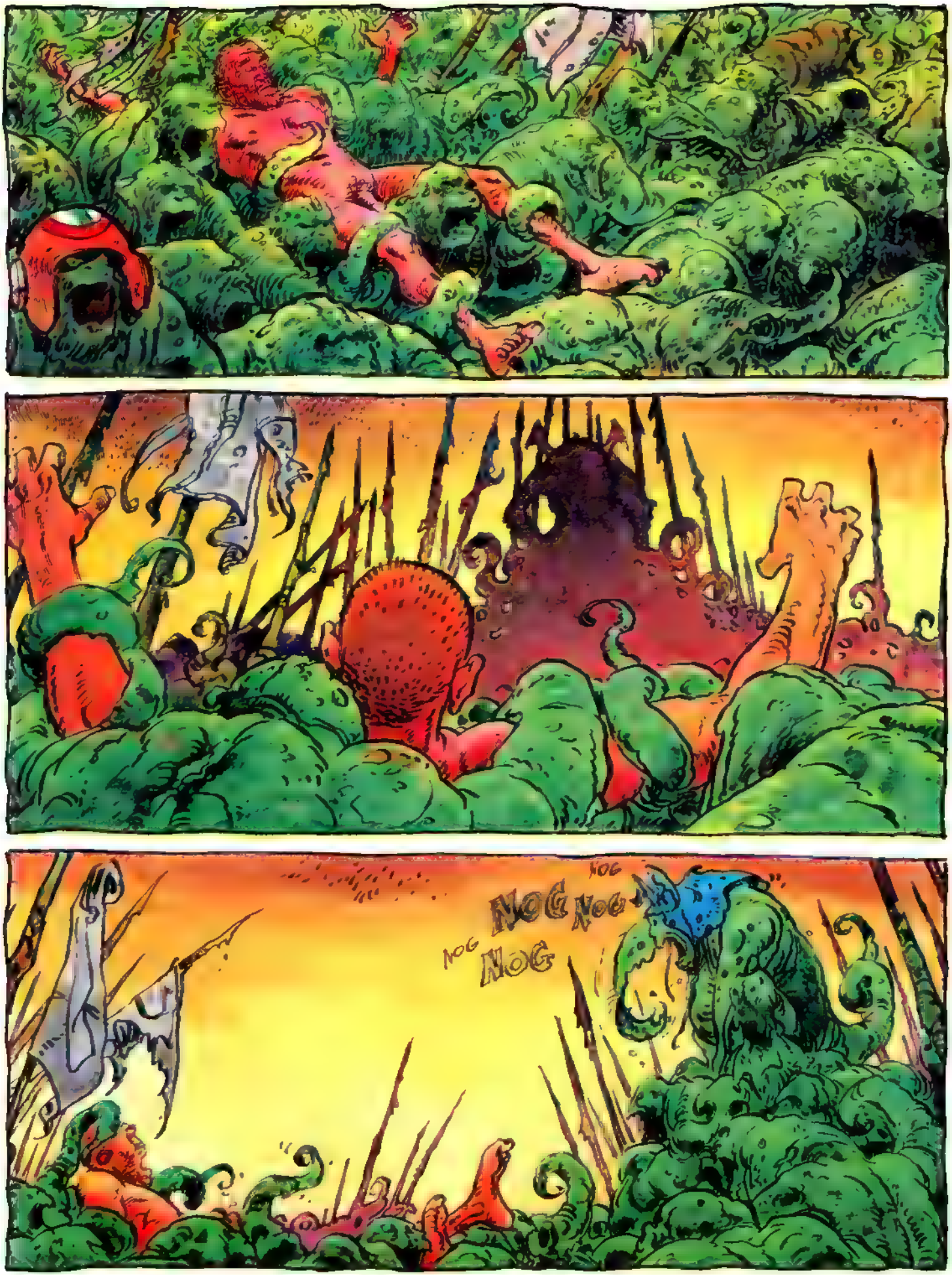
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The Singsong of Cecily Snow

by Theodore Sturgeon

"Mesmer-Eyes" he called her in the moonlight; in the meantime he was walking with her westerly to her inner wailing wall. A gross, uncaring bastard was this Bulbul Byo, blessed with silver speech and graceful gait and the manners of a tutor to the tutors of a household royal. His score so far was sixty-six successful satisfactory seductions, thirty-seven shattered lives, six suicides, and fourteen thousand nights of bitter tears. His road ahead was paved with promises; behind him he left loneliness and puzzlement and greying disappointment — seldom anger, never vengeance. "Mesmer-Eyes," he whispered, "you can drain me with a glance, I am weakened by your touch, I have no defense if you command me." Watchfully, he spoke to her, proclaiming weakness as she weakened, acting melted as he touched her, humble as he humbled her — his special trick, this artful knack of taking on himself the outward signs of this or that effect that he evoked in her. To make a woman want him he would want her with his words and hands; to make her cry, he cried; to make her yield, he said, "I yield."

It worked. It always worked.

The target tonight was young Cecily — sunny and svelte and a cynosure, making the marketplace more than a mall for mere merchandise. Moonmarket Village (not really its name, but known so because of the region's tradition of holding its market day, sun-up to midnight each full-of-the-moon) lay in the lake country east of the Wamberly Wood and the shore of the Wamberly Waters. Who is to say that the Moonmarket merriment, the sweet, mellow madness of Moonmarket Day, was caused by the magic of full-of-the-moon, or simply to celebrate its high-soaring silver? Nobody questioned it, nobody wondered why rain never fell on the laughter and lanterns of Moonmarket, nor why the wind whispered then, sweeping sweet smoke from the barbecue stalls and fanning the flower carts, caring for colorful kites and delaying the dancing of dust till the following day. Likewise the matter of Cecily, golden and swift, her laughter a spatter of birdsong, her adroitness in helping with tent pegs or tea baskets, her instant and total attention to troubles and children; why no one wondered where Cecily went when the market was over, nor how many markets, for how many moons, was Cecily central to Moonmarket time. She was, that is all, that is it; and a far greater mystery, greater than moons or a biddable wind, was that nobody wondered, nobody questioned, nobody traced the incredible Cecily Snow.

Bulbul Byo in a dusty cloak, with a hunting set to his wide-spaced eyes and plumes to sweep from his glossy head and a twist of glands where his heart should be and a tidal voice which could drown girls' doubts, swung down from the hills to the marketplace when the moon was full and the late sun paused on the wooded crests. The village, framed by its yielding fields with its outer border of wilderness and the distant lake with its green and blue and its scarf of orange from the setting sun, and the call of hucksters and the fiddles' cry were enough to halt any normal soul for a draught of joy. Bulbul's care was for none of this, for he saw the sun on long black hair and the swirl of skirts and slender arms, and the fit of bodices that curved his hands; and his glands beat strong and his pointed tongue flicked the pointed tip of his upper lip and he took a step and he froze.

For then he saw Cecily, Cecily Snow, flickering down and across the invisible lines that the dance-caller wove on the Moonmarket green, tilting to this man and whirling with that, and allemande left, and now-swing-your-own. Bulbul, a moment ago, had the choice of a hundred and looked to the pleasure of choosing; but one glimpse of Cecily settled the matter. One deep breath through wide-flared nostrils, legs come alive again, eyes blurring slightly through a mist of lust, Bulbul strode to the village street and along to the green and around to the place where the music played. And he waited.

And the music bleated and bubbled and came to a halt, and Cecily spun gasping and smiling away from the dancers as the sets turned turmoil, and found herself caught by the elbow and speared by the gaze of the man in the cloak, who swept down his plumes and announced that he had found her at last.

"I do not know you, sir," she said, "and I am not lost."

"I am Bulbul Byo." His throaty voice seemed aimed at the pores rather than the ears; it soaked the skin entire, to its most intimate reaches. "I came over the mountains and across the moors, seeing the loom of a light like that of the unrisen moon, and thirsting to know its source; and it led me to you. Now you know me and how I came to be here."

"But not why," she responded.

"To give you gifts," he answered immediately, and gave her a little gold locket he had acquired two towns ago by saying to a woman that he did not want it. He had given it away one town ago, and had gotten it back by saying how he admired any lady who could treasure a memory more than a material thing. She took it and cupped it in one hand while the fingers of the other drifted over its small bright

Photograph by CHRIS CALLIS

surface, looking not at it, but at him. He felt a twinge of alarm, but kept it out of his voice. "What are you doing?" he asked, surprising himself. "Looking at you," she replied. "I mean, with the locket." "Looking at you," she said; and at that, he should have known, but he did not. She asked him then what other gifts he had in mind, which was what he wanted to hear. He bowed slightly and offered his arm, which she took, and they toured the market, where he bought her a sausage and a cider.

"And now I have a thing unique and precious for you," he said, and he said it leaning forward, taking her shoulders, placing his mouth by her neck, warming it, putting his words up under the fall of her hair. "But I have it hidden yonder, and we shall have to walk."

"Yonder? To the west? But there is nothing there but the wood, and Wamberly Waters."

"But there is. Come. We have the moon to help us."

"Yes," she said. "Indeed the moon will help us." Arm in arm they walked away westerly, whether or not to her wailing wall he could not care, and she simply did not. "Tell me: what are you?" and he answered her easily: traveler, trader, tutor, teller of tales; cavalier, courtier, captain of cavalry, artist and artisan, poet-philosopher. "My," she said. "My!"

And into the fringes, moonflecked and bright, of Wamberly Wood, and into the thickening growth with more shadow than light, and into the heart of the dark of the woodland they walked, when he sighed and they stopped.

"What is it?"

"Forgive me; you've worked at the market all day, you were dancing for half of the night, you are weary. I know by my own weariness, pressing toward you day after day, and you must forgive me." He opened the clasp of his cloak and spread it on the moss and sank down on it, holding out his hands. "I must rest, and so must you."

"Perhaps I must," said Cecily. "You've a weary-making way of saying *weary,* and she took his hands and nestled down beside him.

"The dark has not brought cool," he said weakly. "I find it hard to breathe," and he unhooked the loops of his silken shirt.

"I, too, find it difficult . . ." she whispered.

"I can barely move, but I shall help you," and he unlaced her bodice. She made no move to stop him, but as each lace was loosed, she murmured a thing he had told her about himself: traveler, trader, tutor, teller of tales; cavalier, courtier, captain of cavalry, artist and artisan, poet-philosopher; and as the last lace fell away, she asked him, "Are you also a liar?"

"Certainly not!" he cried, startled. "I speak only the truth!"

"Then sobeit," she said; and, reaching into a stray thread of moonlight, she filled her cupped hands with it like a fluid, and poured it over his head.

For the second time he demanded, "What are you doing?" and she answered, "Making of you a teller of truth."

"I have told you the truth!" he protested. "I have sought you, I have found you, I have become your servant and your slave!"

"Precisely," said Cecily. "Know then that I am the Moon Witch of the market village, and that the likes of what you were are not tolerated, and what you now are can be useful, for now, anything you say will then become the truth, since getting you to tell the truth in any other way is beyond your ability or mine."

"I will never leave you!" he cried.

"Oh damn," said Cecily, "I do wish you hadn't said that. Let me think a minute."

He waited slavishly for a moment and then she rose and held out her hand. "Come with me." And she led him through the wood to the shore of the Wamberly Waters.

Moored there was a little boat. She ordered him into it and, opening the little gold locket, she handed it to him, saying, "Your first condition is that of my servant and my slave, and as such you must finish the task I set you before you begin to be my constant companion. Therefore, I order you to take this locket as your spoon, and with it lift all of the water from one side of the boat and put it all on the other side." So saying she bent and took the prow of the boat and mightily launched it far out into the Wamberly Waters; then turned and walked into the wood, lacing up her bodice and thinking good thoughts.

And so it is, if ever you cross the mountains and the rich fields of the lake country, and at the full of the moon, come upon a village with a Moonmarket, and go on through the forest to the lakeshore, you will see an old, old man in a boat, dipping and spilling, dipping and spilling, while back in the village the dancers dance and the hawkers cry their wares, and central to it all is the beautiful Cecily Snow. None of which is a mystery, not when compared to the mystery that nobody ever questions, nobody ever wonders, about Cecily, Cecily, Cecily Snow.

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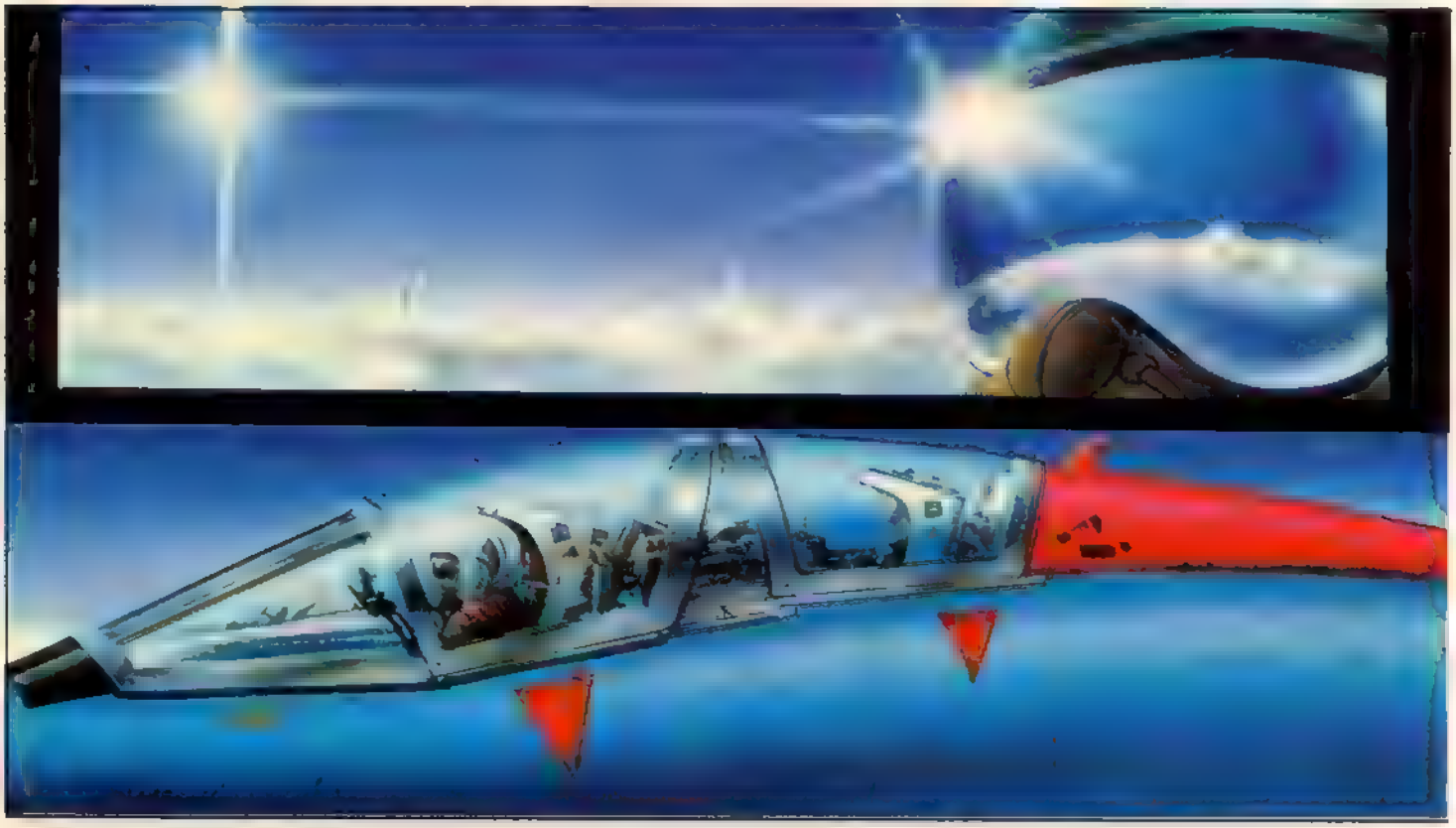
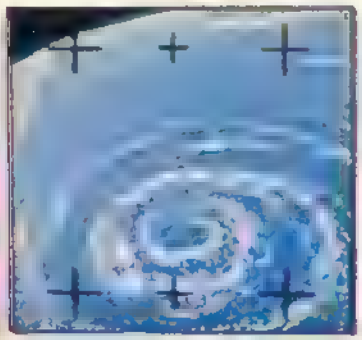


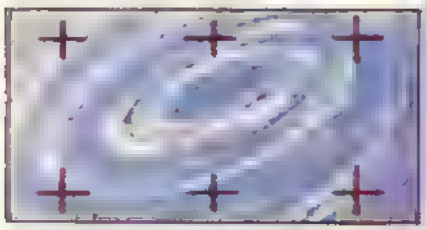
CALL LETTERS: AENEAS

AENEAS: MAINTAIN POSITION SO / 67



MISSION CONTROL TO AENEAS: PALINURUS
HURRICANE ALERT AT 0100: DO YOU COPY?

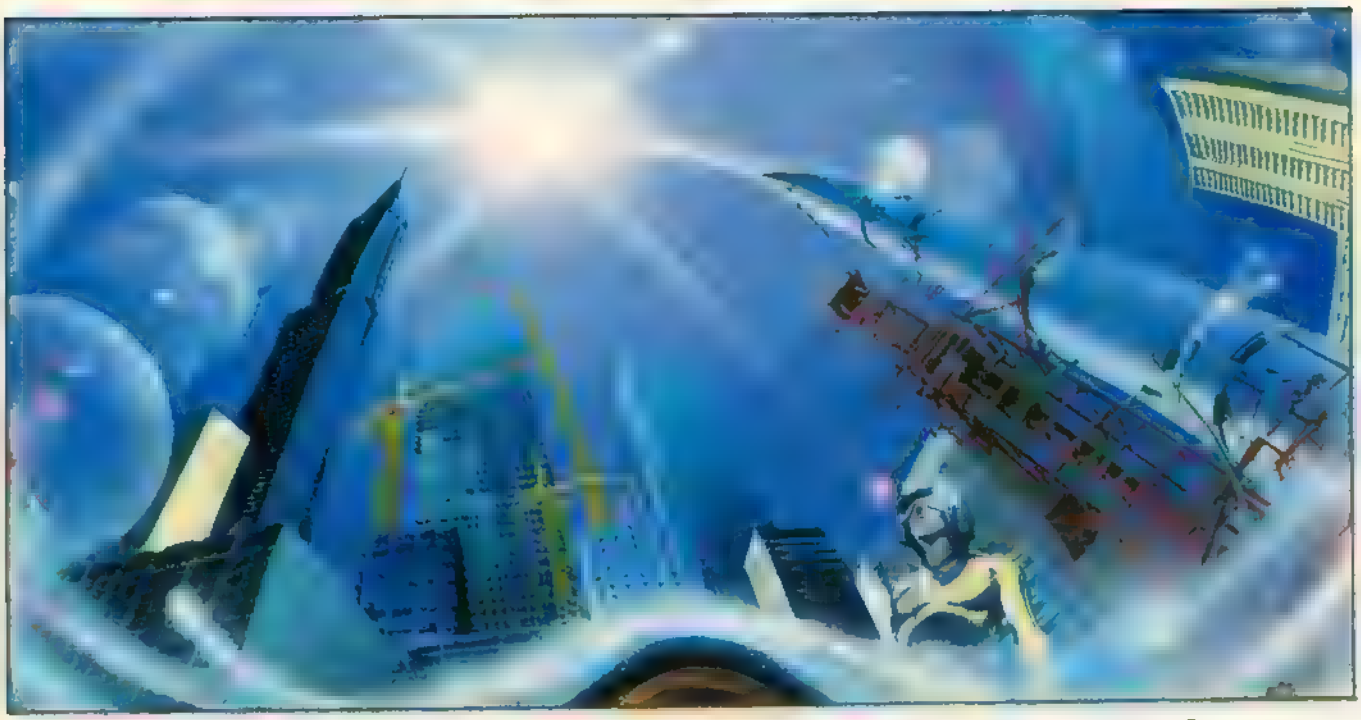
0100:MACH 1



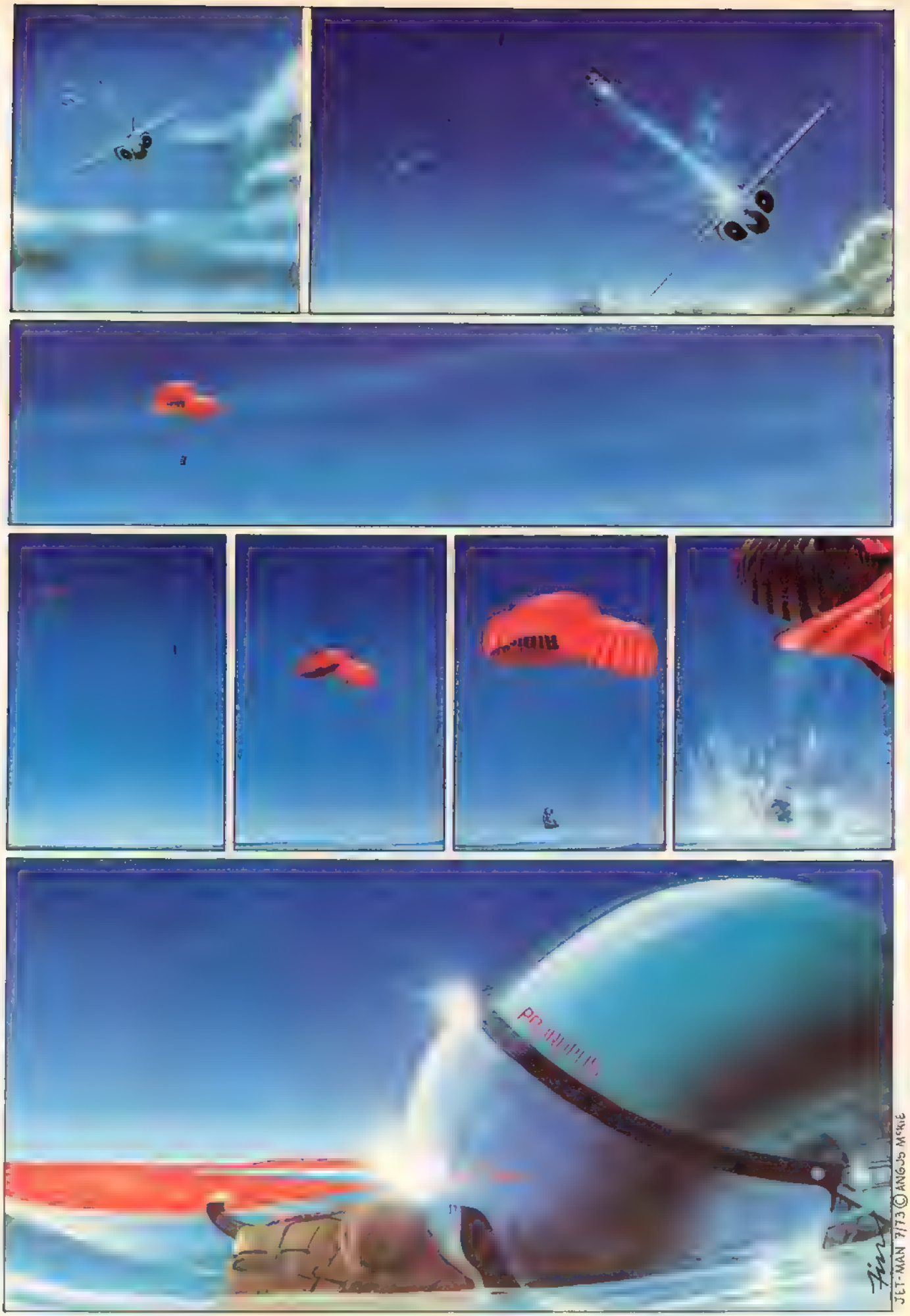
MACH 2

MACH 3

PALINURUS! CORRECT TRAJECTORY!



WHAT IS THE PRICE OF BLOOD?


JET-MAN 7/73 © ANGUS McKIE

3 FROM HEAVY METAL™

Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine from France, has landed and has taken North America by storm. In the few months during which issues of *Heavy Metal* have been on sale, they have sold out at magazine stands and in stores everywhere. The publishers report the biggest flow of subscription requests in the ten-year history of 21st Century Communications, the same company that publishes *National Lampoon* and has intrc - duced numerous other successful magazines.

So, *Heavy Metal* is a smash hit!
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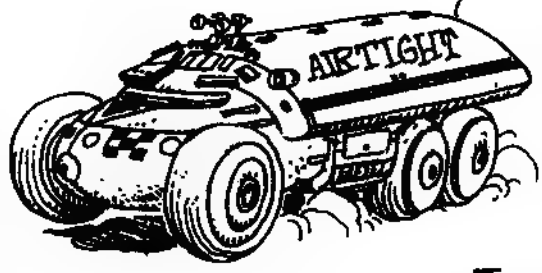
LE GARAGE

by MOEBIUS

CHAPTER TWO:

ALERT ON THE TUNDRA

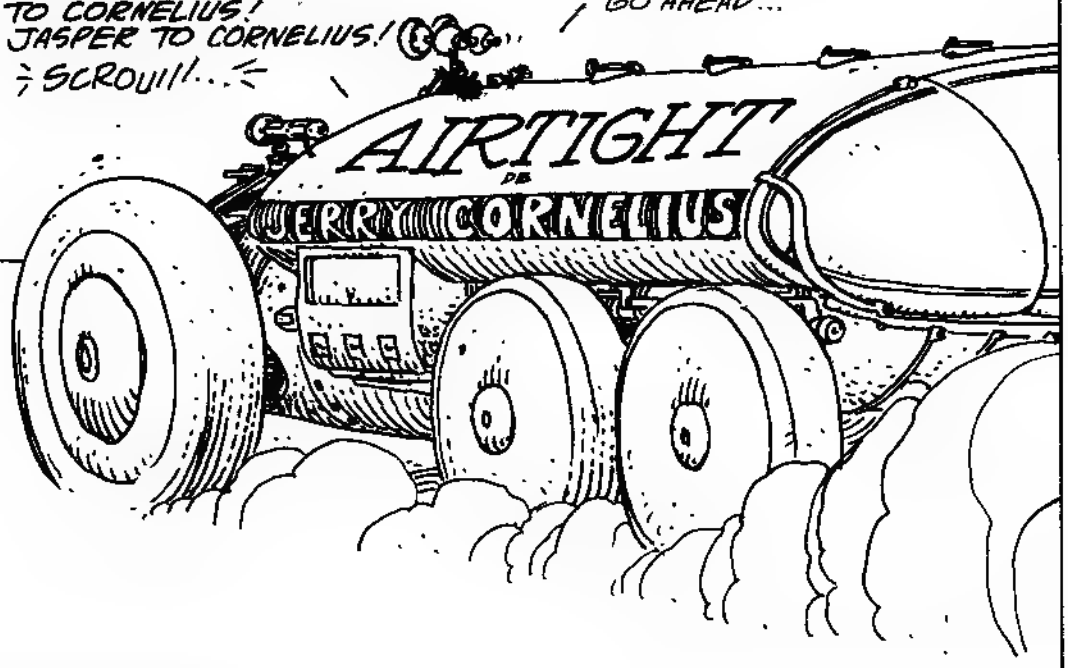


THE YOUNG ENGINEER, **BARNABUS**, UNDER THE SPELL OF THE **EVIL BETTY**, DELIBERATELY CAUSED THE **DESTRUCTION** OF THE **TRANSPORTER** WHICH HAD BEEN MADE ACCORDING TO THE **PLANS** FOUND ON THE **BODY** OF JERRY CORNELIUS'S FATHER.

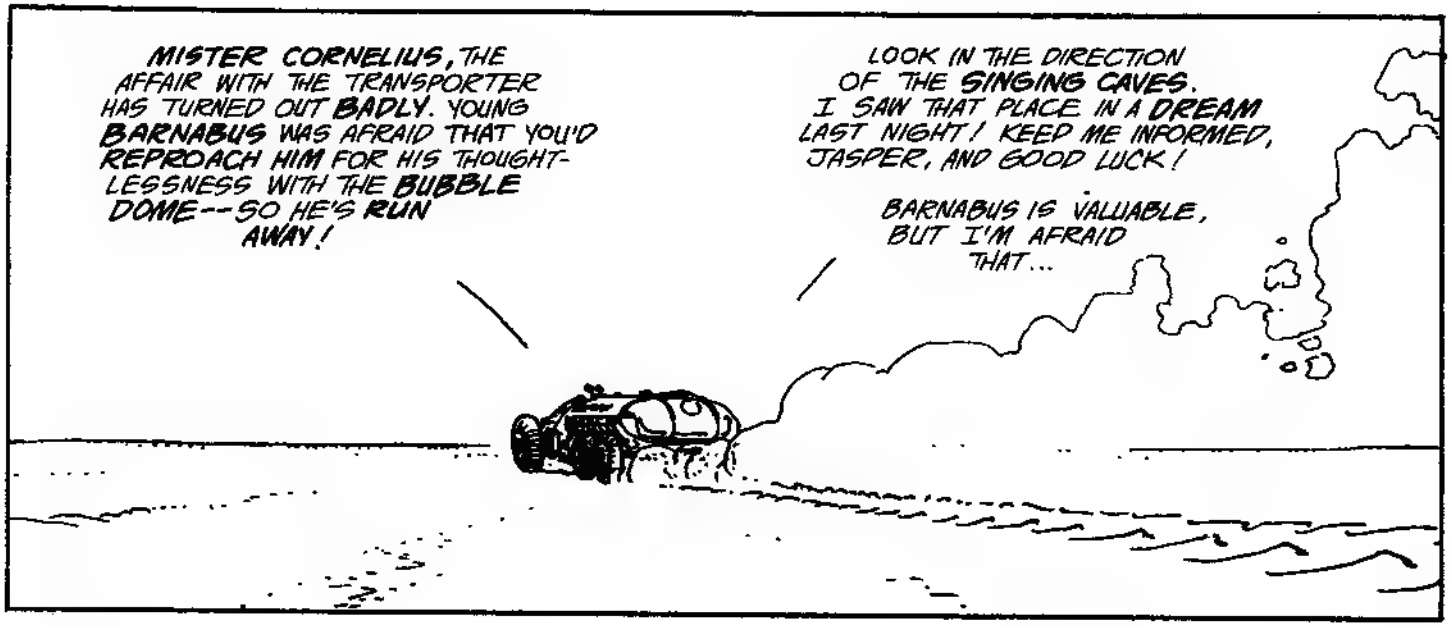
IMMEDIATELY, THE FAITHFUL **JASPER** TRIED TO CONTACT CORNELIUS'S **"TATER 2000"** ON THE ROAD TO "ARMJOURTH," THE MYSTERIOUS CAPITAL.

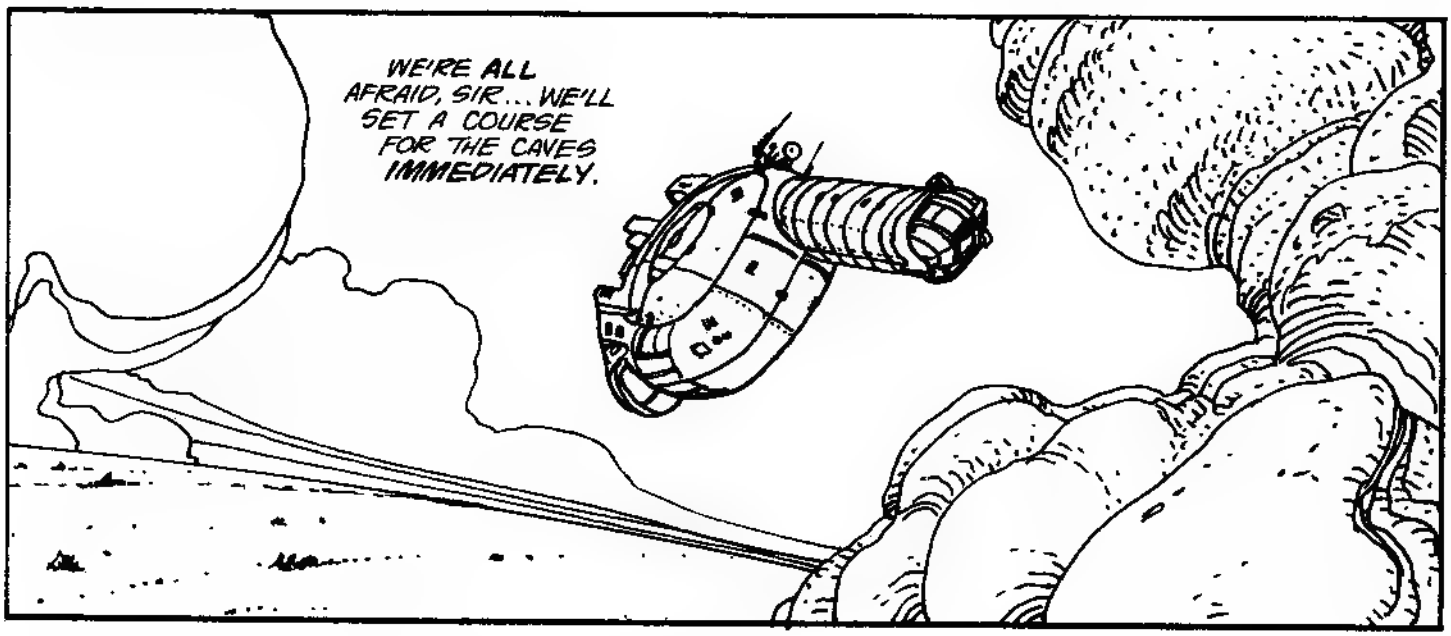
;ZCRCCRIII<... JASPER TO CORNELIUS! JASPER TO CORNELIUS! ;SCROUII!..<

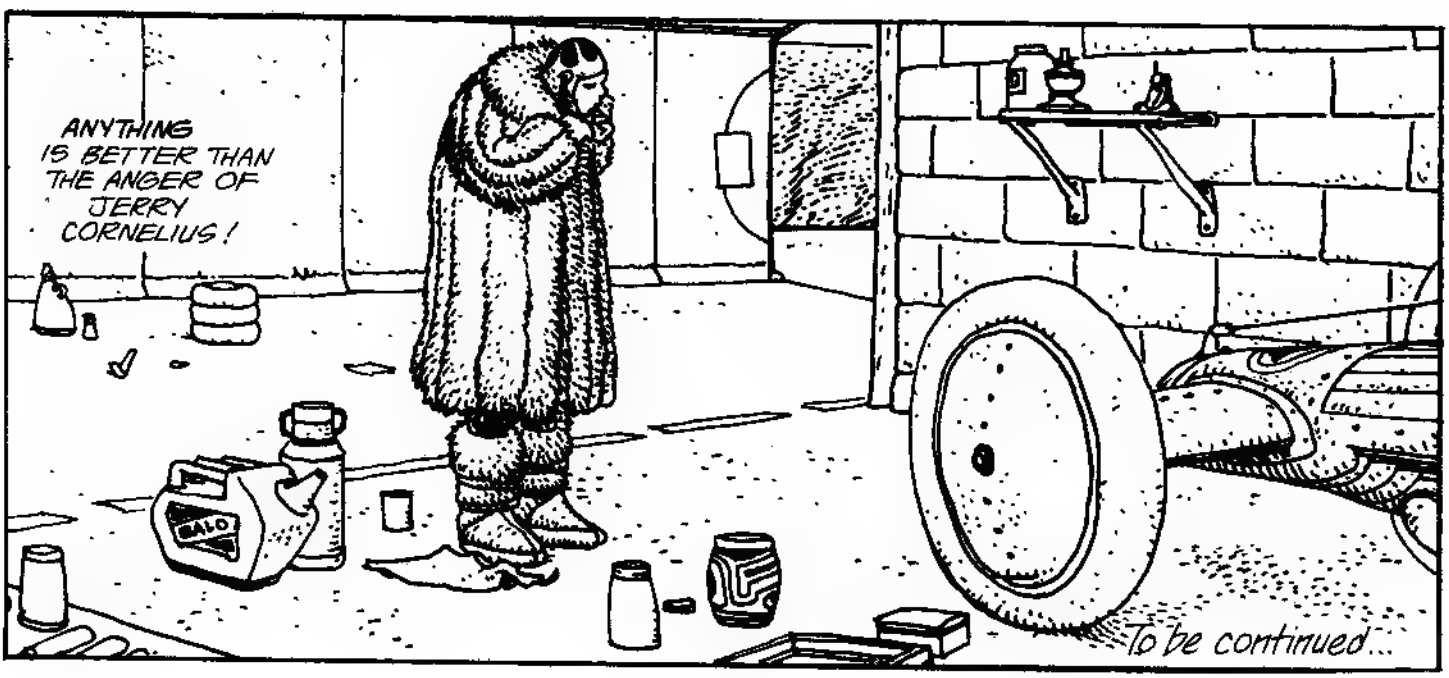
CORNELIUS HERE... GO AHEAD...

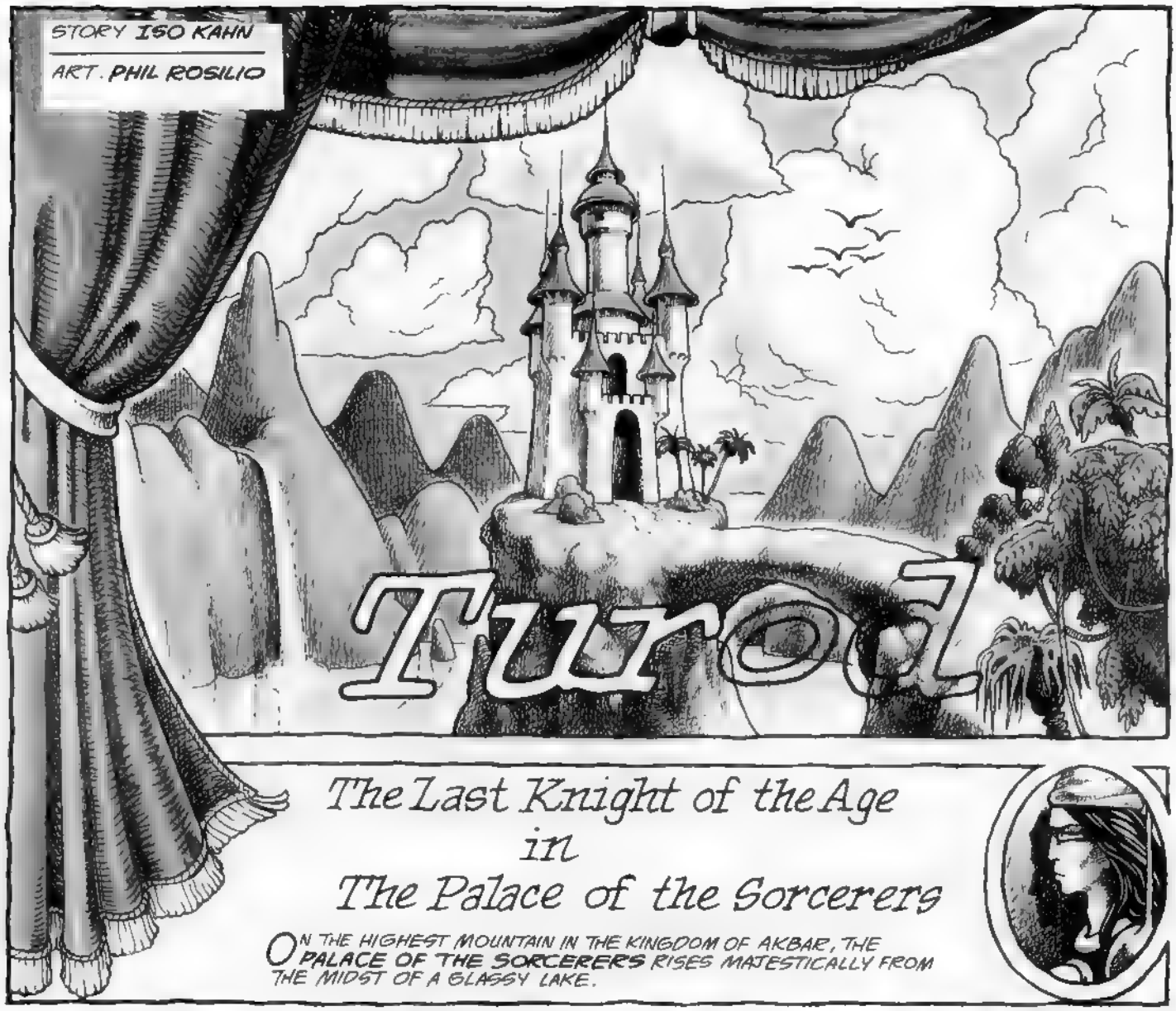


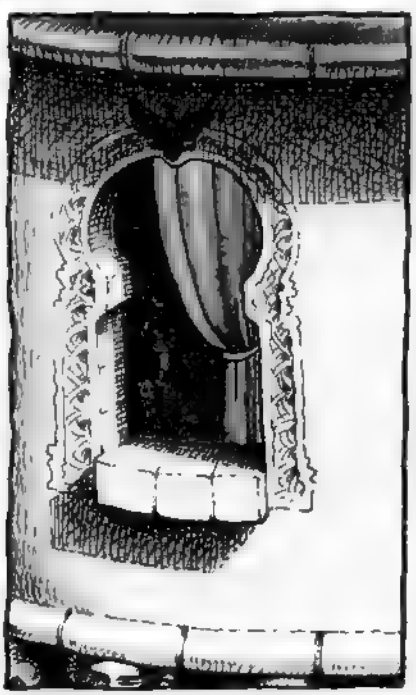
FOR WEEKS, HE'S BEEN ROLLING ALONG... A MONOTONOUS **VOYAGE** ON **AUTOMATIC PILOT RADAR**... BUT NOT FOR A **SECOND** HAS HE RELAXED HIS **VIGILANCE**-- AT THE **RISK** OF **DEATH!!**

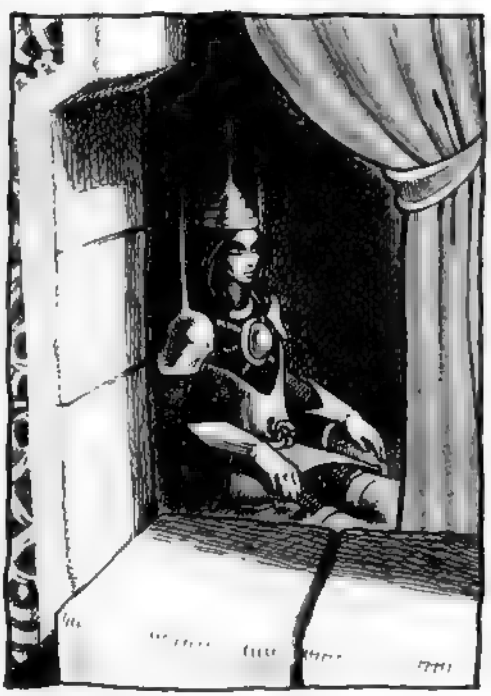

MISTER CORNELIUS, THE AFFAIR WITH THE TRANSPORTER HAS TURNED OUT BADLY. YOUNG BARNABUS WAS AFRAID THAT YOU'D REPROACH HIM FOR HIS THOUGHTLESSNESS WITH THE BUBBLE DOME--SO HE'S RUN AWAY!
LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SINGING CAVES. I SAW THAT PLACE IN A DREAM LAST NIGHT! KEEP ME INFORMED, JASPER, AND GOOD LUCK!
BARNABUS IS VALUABLE, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT...

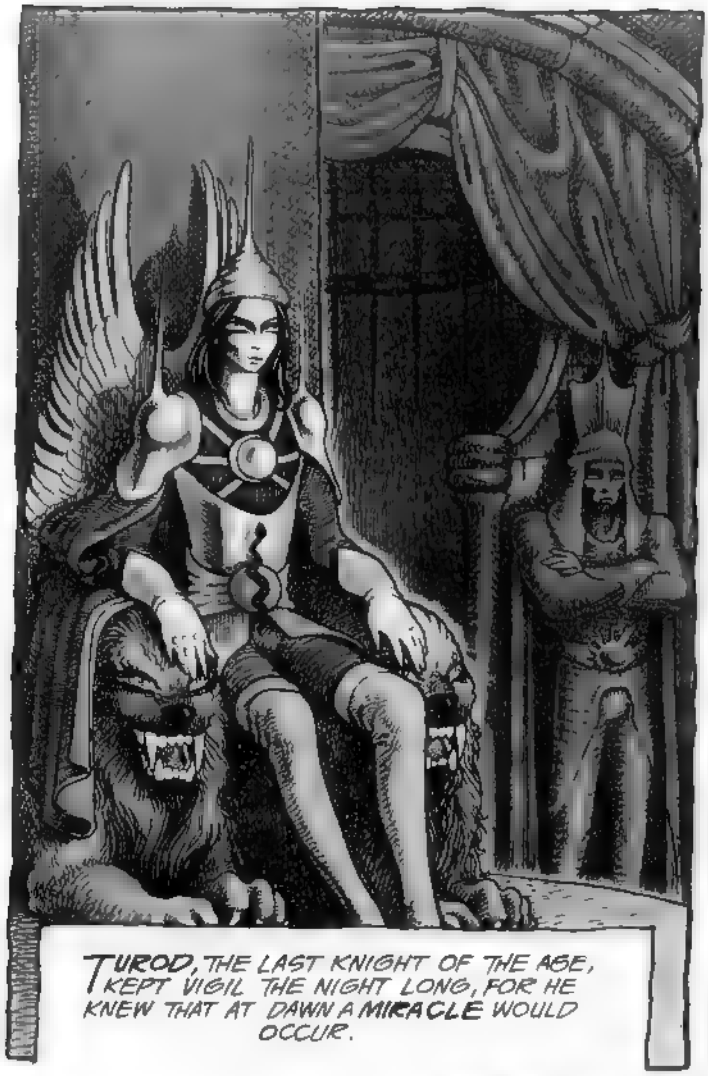

WE'RE ALL AFRAID, SIR... WE'LL SET A COURSE FOR THE CAVES IMMEDIATELY.


ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THE ANGER OF JERRY CORNELIUS!
SALO
To be continued...

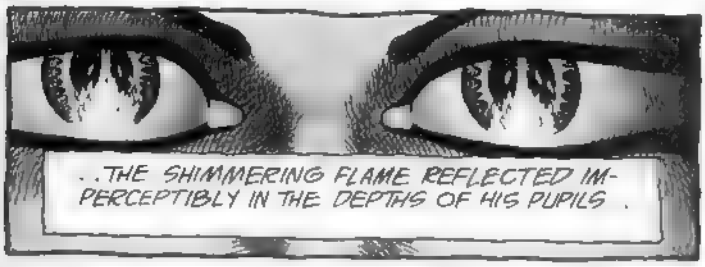

STORY ISO KAHN
ART. PHIL ROSILIO
Turol
The Last Knight of the Age
in
The Palace of the Sorcerers
ON THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE KINGDOM OF AKBAR, THE PALACE OF THE SORCERERS RISES MAJESTICALLY FROM THE MIDST OF A GLASSY LAKE.





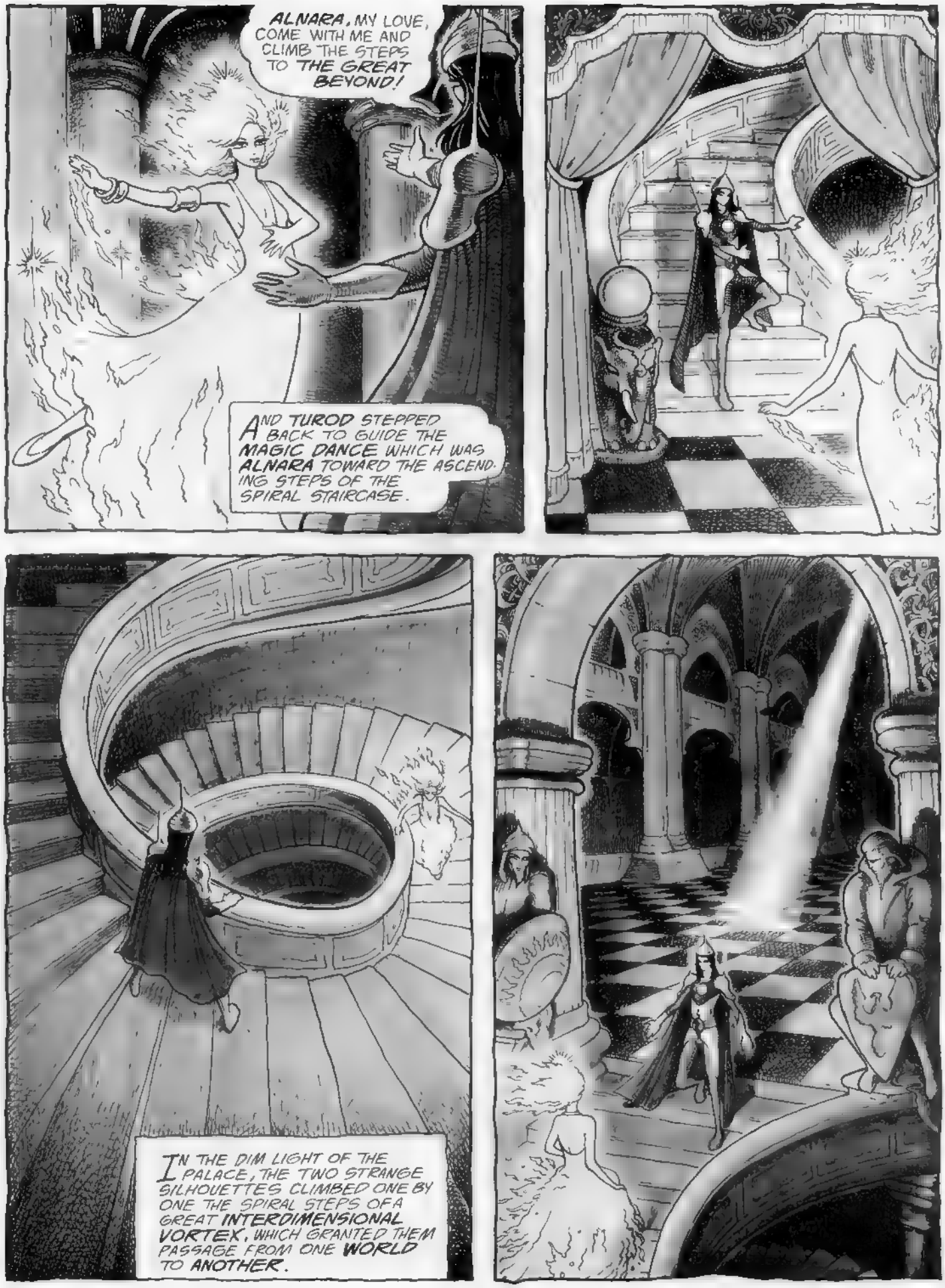

TUROD, THE LAST KNIGHT OF THE AGE, KEPT VIGIL THE NIGHT LONG, FOR HE KNEW THAT AT DAWN A MIRACLE WOULD OCCUR.

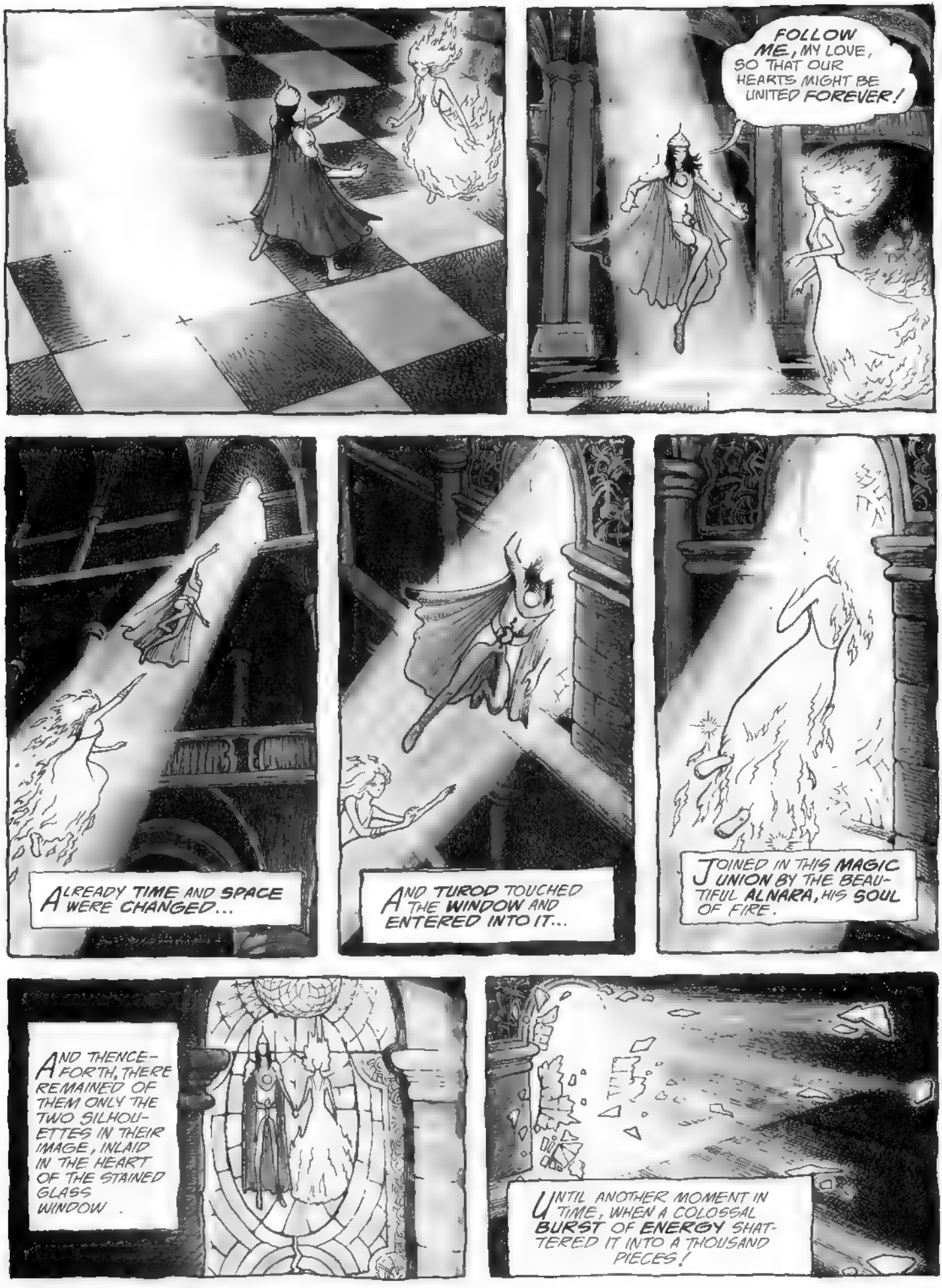
HIS GREAT EYES WERE FIXED FOR HOURS...

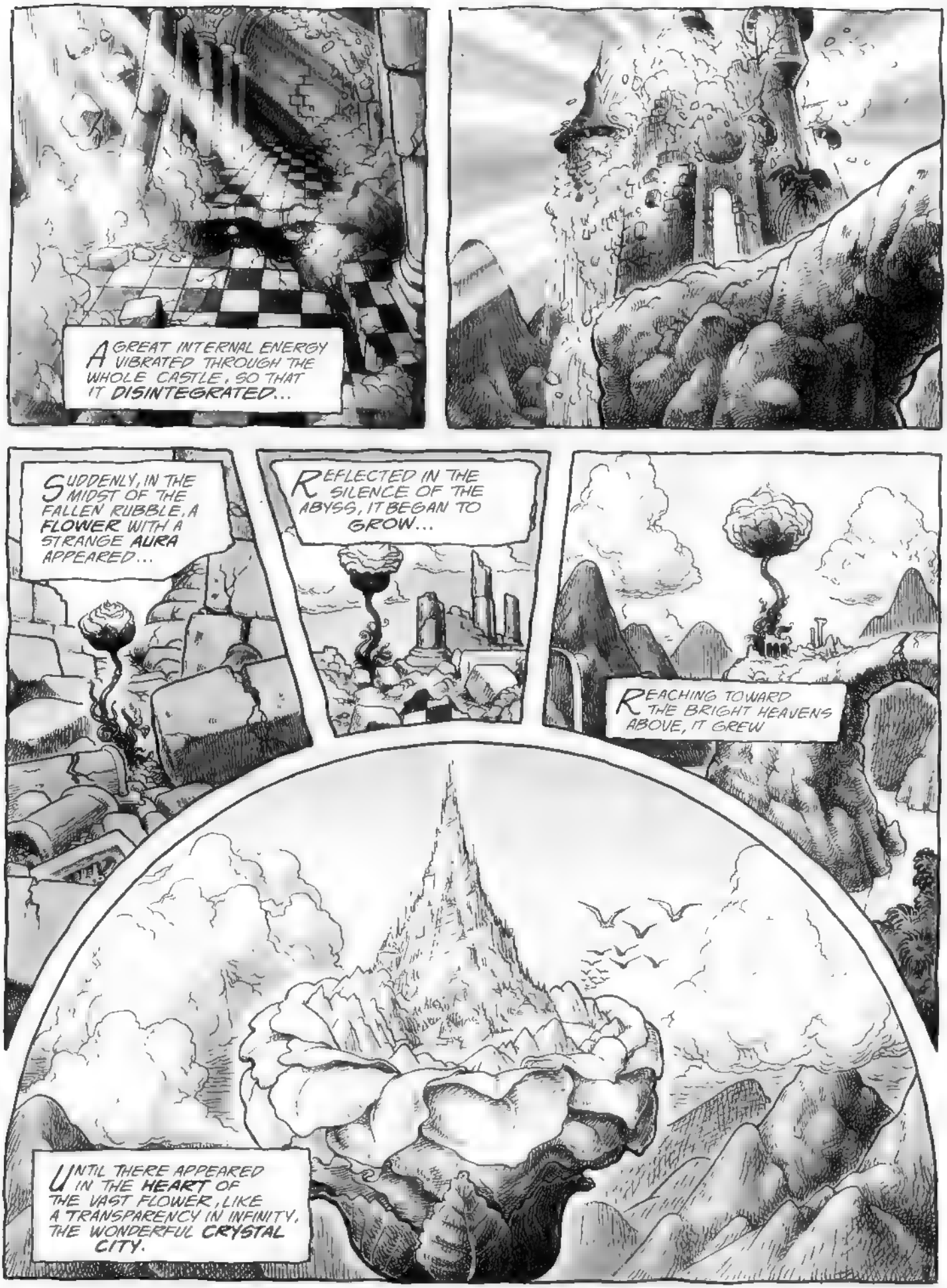

..THE SHIMMERING FLAME REFLECTED IMPERCEPTIBLY IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS PUPILS .

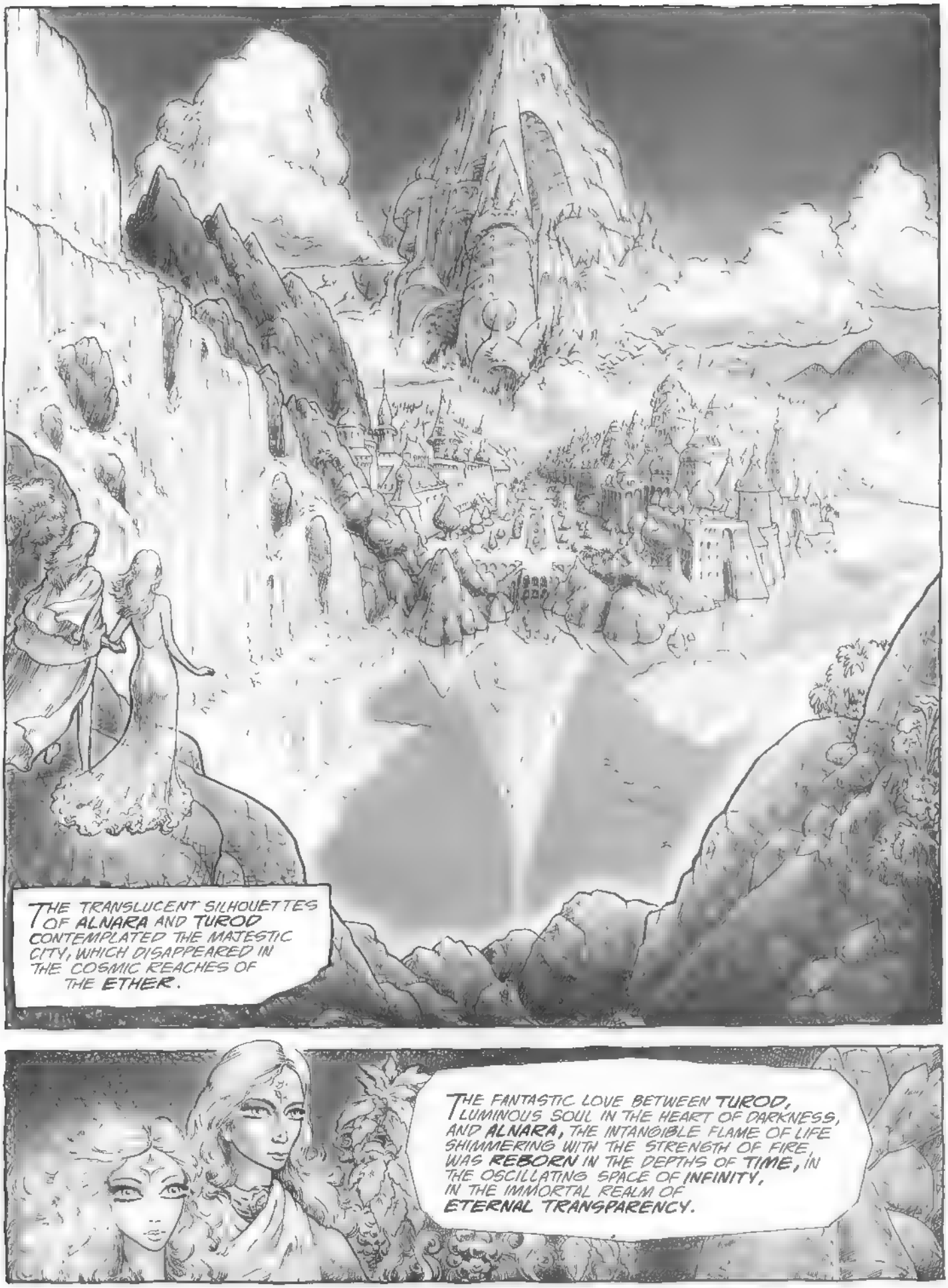
WHEN SUDDENLY...

...THE SUBTLE ESSENCE OF LIFE GRADUALLY LIBERATED ITSELF FROM THE FASCINATING DANCE OF THE FLAMES, AND THE MARVELOUS ALNARA STEPPED LIGHTLY FORTH, LIKE A BLOSSOMING FLOWER IN THE SPRING OF AKBAR..

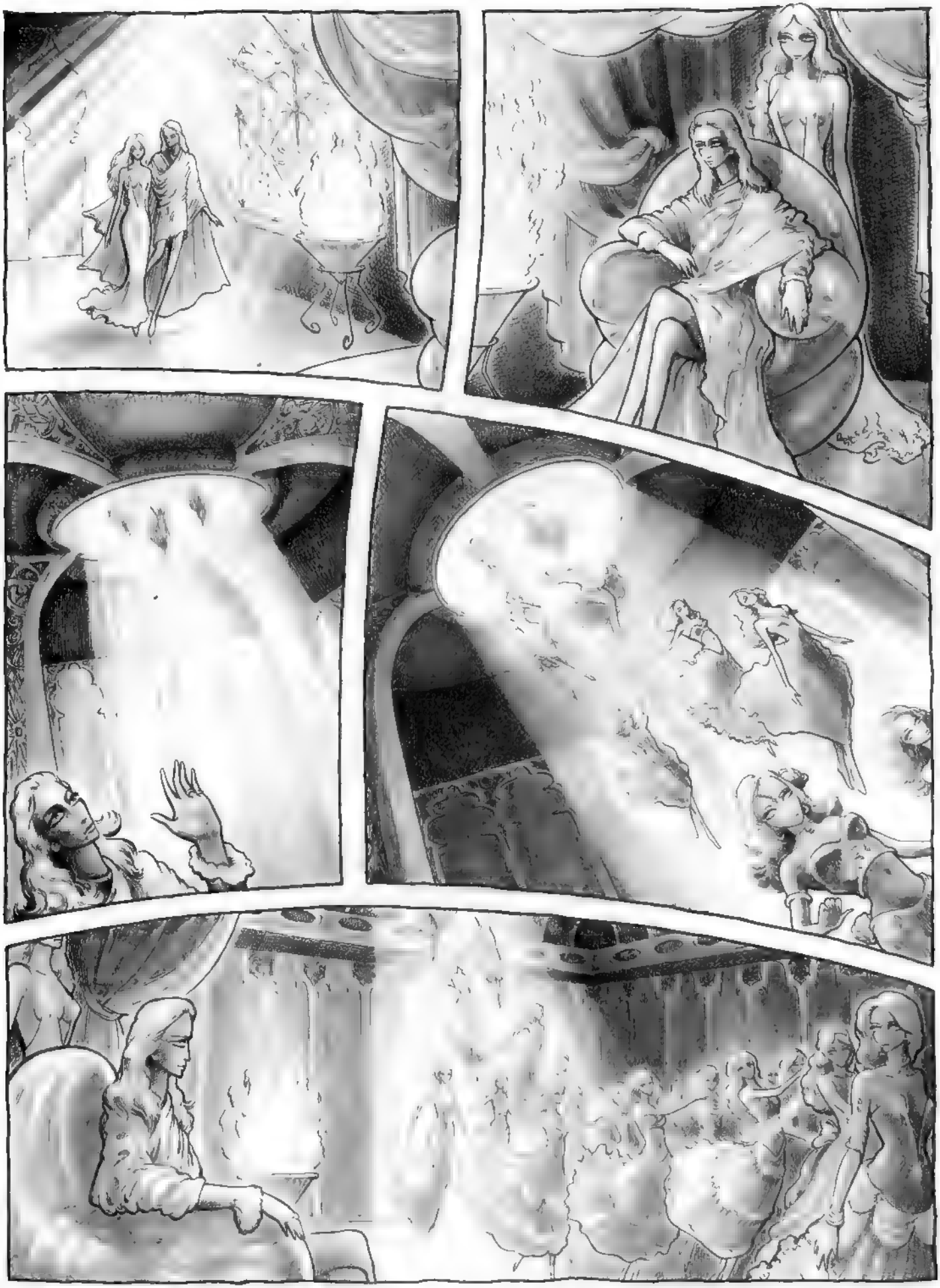

ALNARA, MY LOVE, COME WITH ME AND CLIMB THE STEPS TO THE GREAT BEYOND!
AND TUROD STEPPED BACK TO GUIDE THE MAGIC DANCE WHICH WAS ALNARA TOWARD THE ASCENDING STEPS OF THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE.
IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE PALACE, THE TWO STRANGE SILHOUETTES CLIMBED ONE BY ONE THE SPIRAL STEPS OF A GREAT INTERDIMENSIONAL VORTEX, WHICH GRANTED THEM PASSAGE FROM ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER.

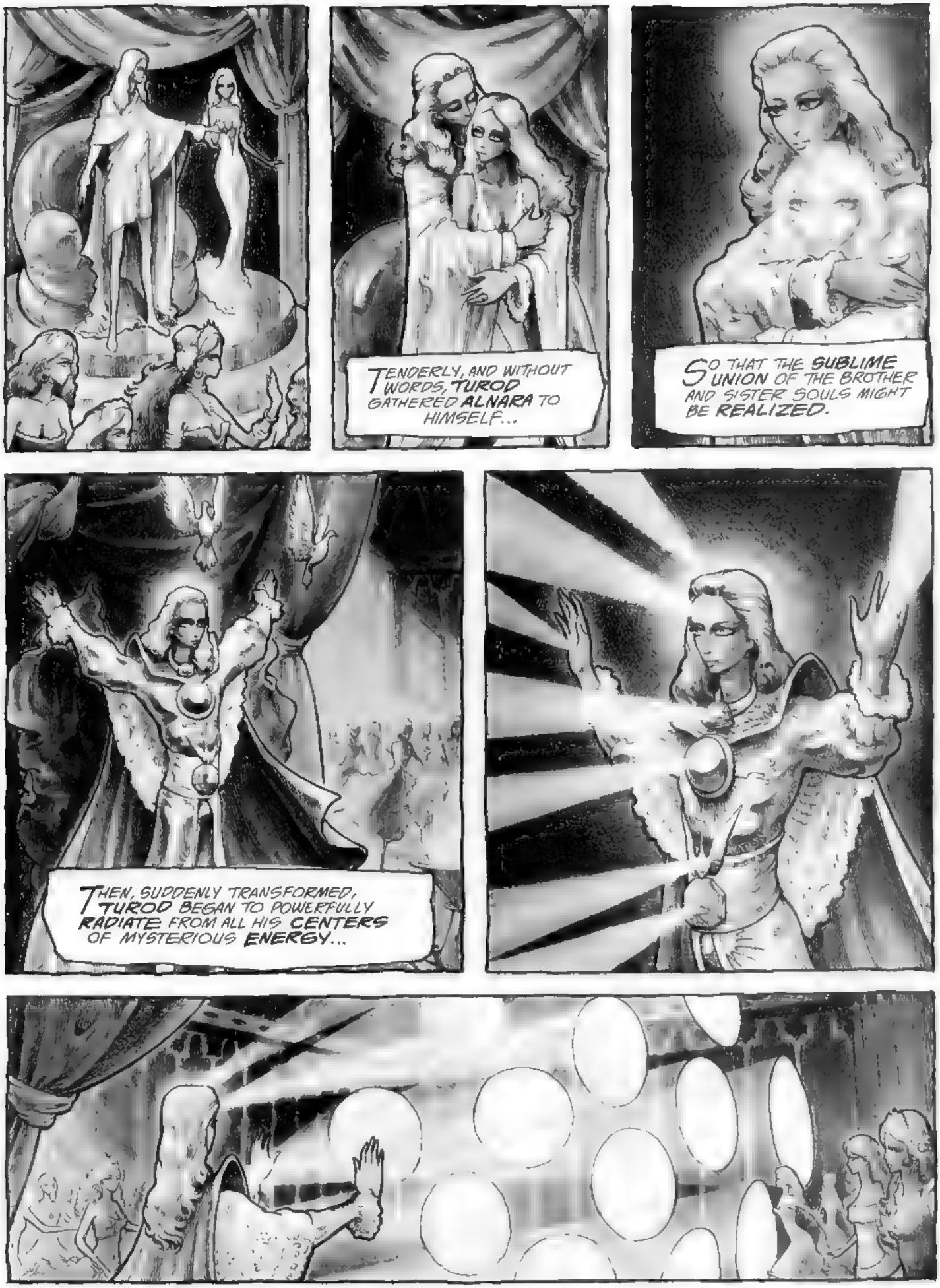

FOLLOW ME, MY LOVE, SO THAT OUR HEARTS MIGHT BE UNITED FOREVER!
ALREADY TIME AND SPACE WERE CHANGED...
AND TUROD TOUCHED THE WINDOW AND ENTERED INTO IT...
JOINED IN THIS MAGIC UNION BY THE BEAUTIFUL ALNARA, HIS SOUL OF FIRE.
AND THENCEFORTH, THERE REMAINED OF THEM ONLY THE TWO SILHOUETTES IN THEIR IMAGE, INLAID IN THE HEART OF THE STAINED GLASS WINDOW.
UNTIL ANOTHER MOMENT IN TIME, WHEN A COLOSSAL BURST OF ENERGY SHATTERED IT INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

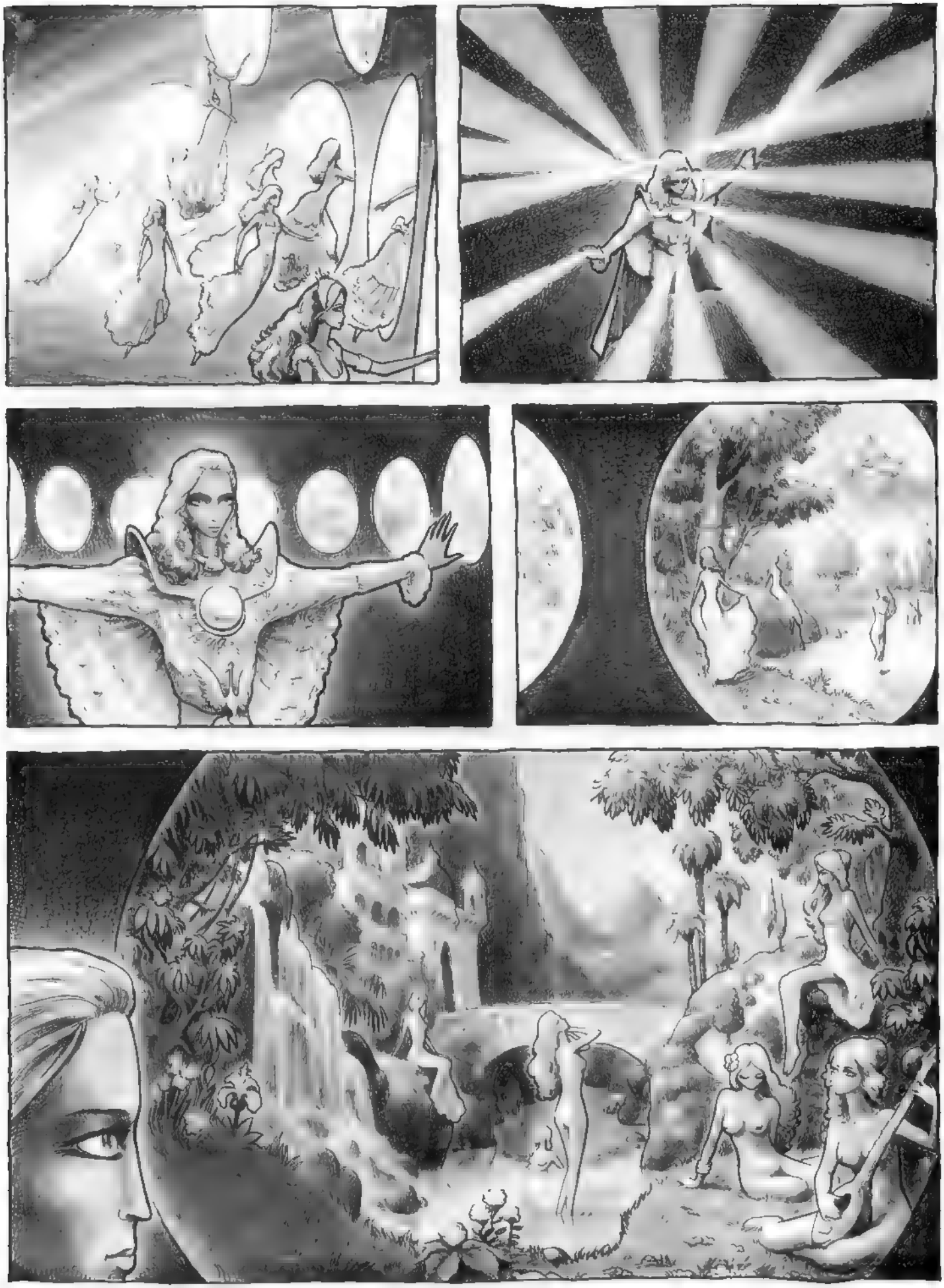

A GREAT INTERNAL ENERGY VIBRATED THROUGH THE WHOLE CASTLE, SO THAT IT DISINTEGRATED...
SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF THE FALLEN RUBBLE, A FLOWER WITH A STRANGE AURA APPEARED...
REFLECTED IN THE SILENCE OF THE ABYSS, IT BEGAN TO GROW...
REACHING TOWARD THE BRIGHT HEAVENS ABOVE, IT GREW
UNTIL THERE APPEARED IN THE HEART OF THE VAST FLOWER, LIKE A TRANSPARENCY IN INFINITY, THE WONDERFUL CRYSTAL CITY.

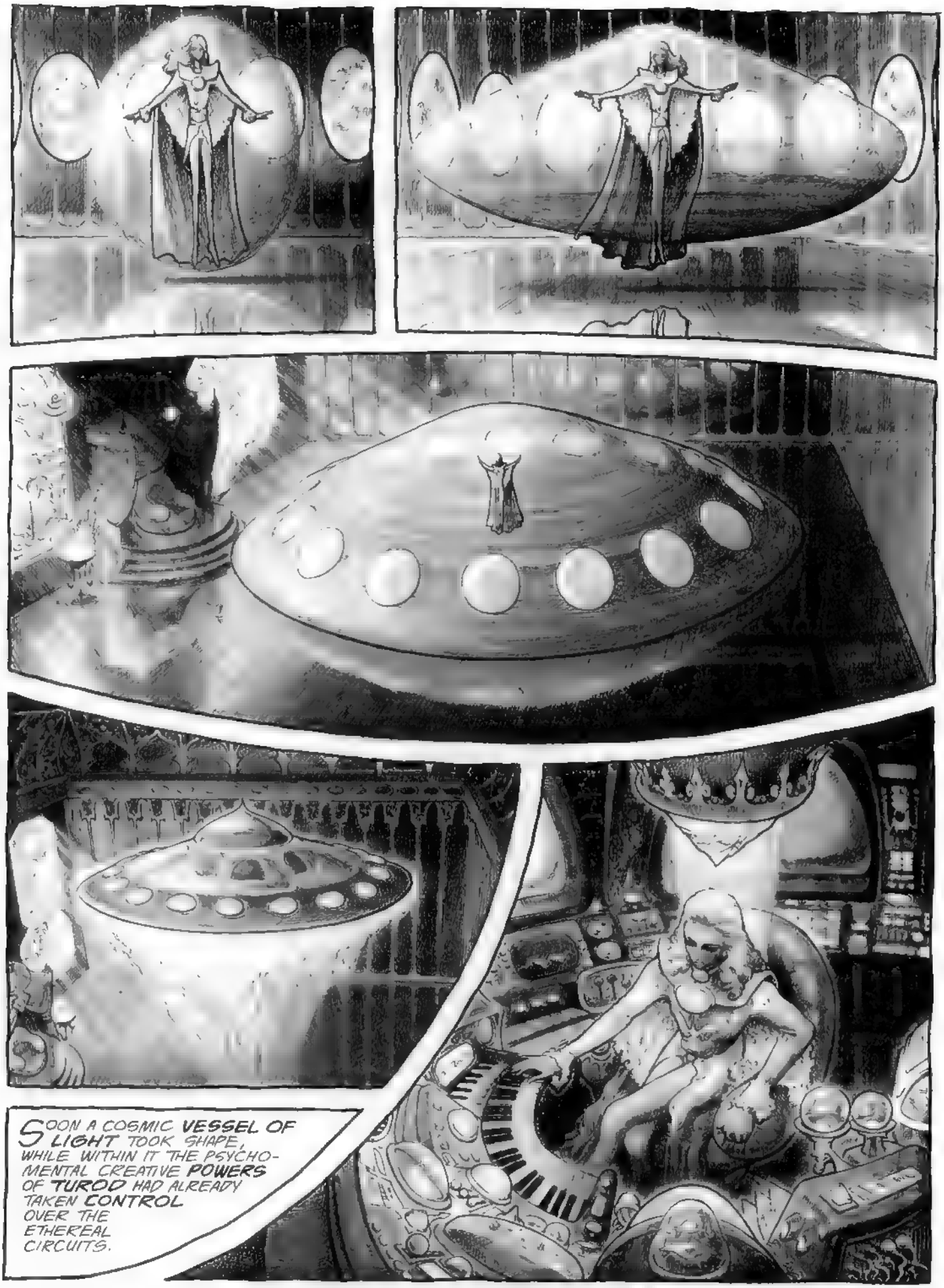

THE TRANSLUCENT SILHOUETTES OF ALNARA AND TUROD CONTEMPLATED THE MAJESTIC CITY, WHICH DISAPPEARED IN THE COSMIC REACHES OF THE ETHER.
THE FANTASTIC LOVE BETWEEN TUROD, LUMINOUS SOUL IN THE HEART OF DARKNESS, AND ALNARA, THE INTANGIBLE FLAME OF LIFE SHIMMERING WITH THE STRENGTH OF FIRE, WAS REBORN IN THE DEPTHS OF TIME, IN THE OSCILLATING SPACE OF INFINITY, IN THE IMMORTAL REALM OF ETERNAL TRANSPARENCY.

FOLLOW ME, MY BELOVED, TOWARD THE PALACE OF OUR LOVE...
TUROD AND ALNARA FLOATED GENTLY AMONG THE SCENTED STREAMS, THE SCINTILLATING PRISMS OF COLOR AND THE CELESTIAL HARMONY OF THE CRYSTAL CITY, AND SOON ARRIVED AT THE GATES OF THE PALACE OF LOVE.
HERE, YOU SEE, FLOWER OF MY SOUL, THAT TIME AND SPACE ARE UNITED INTO PERMANENCE.




TENDERLY, AND WITHOUT WORDS, TUROD GATHERED ALNARA TO HIMSELF...
SO THAT THE SUBLIME UNION OF THE BROTHER AND SISTER SOULS MIGHT BE REALIZED.
THEN, SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED, TUROD BEGAN TO POWERFULLY RADIATE FROM ALL HIS CENTERS OF MYSTERIOUS ENERGY...




SOON A COSMIC VESSEL OF LIGHT TOOK SHAPE, WHILE WITHIN IT THE PSYCHO-MENTAL CREATIVE POWERS OF TUROD HAD ALREADY TAKEN CONTROL OVER THE ETHEREAL CIRCUITS.

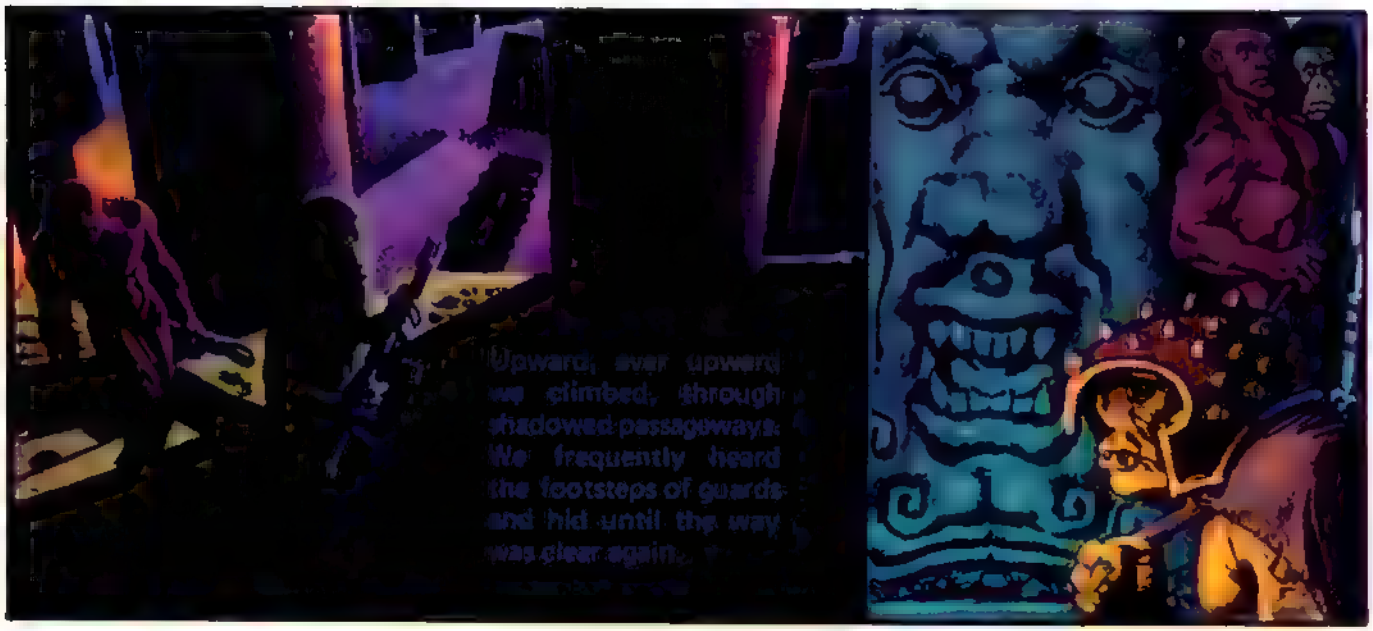
THE SHIP ROSE ABOVE THE DOME OF THE PALACE OF LOVE...
AND FLEW TOWARD THE PALACE OF WISDOM...

A PIERCING BREATH SOON FILLED THE VAST HALLS OF THE COSMODROME... TUROD'S SHIP LANDED SOFTLY AMIDST THE OTHER COSMIC VESSELS WHICH HAD COME TO THE PALACE OF WISDOM. THE OVERLORDS CAME FROM ALL THE INTERDIMENSIONS OF ETERNITY FOR A REUNION OF THE GREAT GALACTIC COUNCIL.
TUROD STRIDES FORWARD, CALM AND NOBLE, AS BEFITS A KNIGHT OF THE AGE...
MEANWHILE, IN THE HIGHEST ROOM OF THE PALACE, A VIBRATING AURA SIGNALS THE PRESENCE OF AN EVEN HIGHER DIMENSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS.
GREETINGS TO THEE, COMPANION OF THE FELLOWSHIP. THE LAST MISSION OF TUROD HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED AT LAST.
ALL PRAISE TO THEE, MASTER OF THE IMMINENT... I BRING UNTO THINE SYNTHETIC AWARENESS THE SUBLIME ESSENCE OF LIFE...

AND MAY I TRANSMIT TO THEE THE POWER AND THE STRENGTH OF FIRE, WHICH I HAVE EXTRACTED.
THEN, IN THE FANTASTIC FIELD OF CONSCIENCE SHARED BY THE GUARDIANS OF THE ETERNAL...
...UNDER THE IMPULSE OF A STRANGE LUMINOUS RAY, A DROP OF BLOOD GENTLY TRANSFORMED ITSELF...
INTO A SHIMMERING CRYSTAL!
THEN TUROD, WITH MOVEMENTS SLOW AND PRECISE, TURNED TOWARD THE GREAT TABERNACLE TO ENCASE THE LAST CRYSTAL IN THE SPACE THAT AWAITED IT..
AND THUS DID THE SUPREME ARCHETYPE ILLUMINATE THE UNIVERSE WITH INVINCIBLE PERFECTION...

THUS WAS UNITY CREATED IN THE HEART OF INFINITY BY THE UNION OF ALL THE MASTERS...
AND THUS DID THE LIMITLESS UNIVERSAL SOUL UNFOLD ITSELF IN THE VASTNESS OF INFINITY, WORLD WITHOUT END, RECREATING ITSELF IN EACH MOMENT, TIME AND SPACE BECOMING AND REFLECTING ITS GLORY.

DEN
In the depths of the dark catacombs beneath the Queen's strongpost, we four adventurers crept slowly further into the feared castle. Our goal was to steal her sacred magic scepter, the Loc-nar...
Now we separate, Den. Norl will guide you through the halls to the Loc-nar's vault. I will take Gart within the walls and meet you there.
If I fail, you will take the Loc-nar, join the escape team at the river's southern bank, and return to Ard. I will do the same.
©1977 RICHARD CORBEN


Upward, ever upward we climbed, through shadowed passageways. We frequently heard the footsteps of guards and hid until the way was clear again.

Over here. We're nearly there.
I wiped away the mental images. There was no time now for reverie.

We were so close but a guard sat barring the way.

I was considering an open attack when strangely the guard arose and left his post...

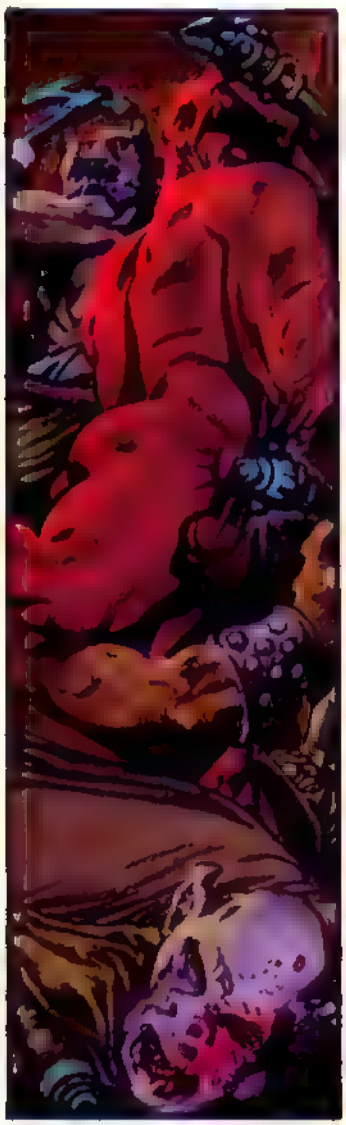
All was deadly silent. No footfalls betrayed our entry into the inky blackness...

Then we paused letting our eyes become accustomed to the dark room. Momentarily the glow of the Loc-nar became apparent. I felt a thrill in its presence...

With my hands in front of me, I moved forward. I touched something... warm flesh!

Then the lights came on.

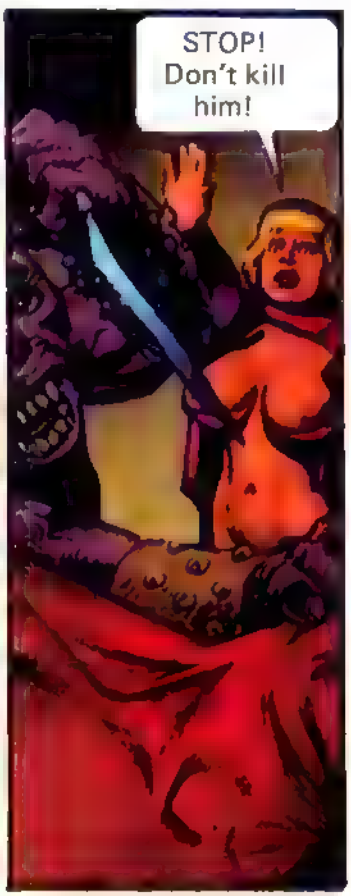
Ha, ha, ha! Guards, kill them!



Norl fought bravely. Four of the Queen's soldiers surrounded him. . .

and he was finished.

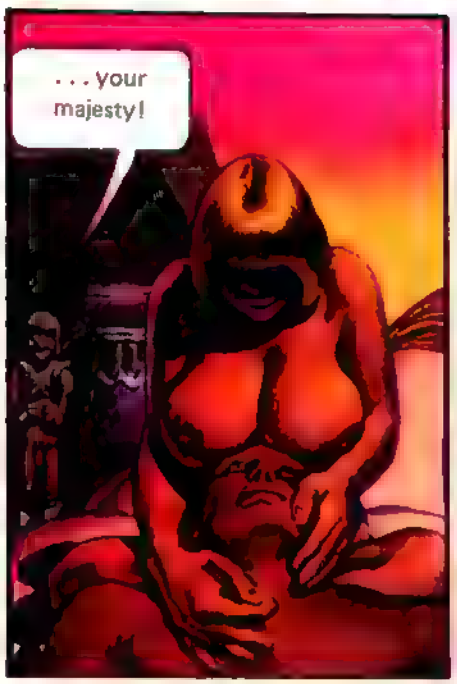
Though I had killed six or more combatants, my end was near. I was grabbed and held securely. The captain raised his knife.



Soon I found myself washed, oiled, and alone with the Queen. Her voice was no longer hard and commanding. Her honey coated whispers had a hypnotic effect.
Oh Den, I am glad you are here. I mistreated you before. But now I want you.
Mmmm. Oh I have missed you. . . your body.
I must have you . . . now.
Ummmm. . . awwwh, AHHH!
What a magnificent body you have. So savage, so strong.

Look! The dawn climaxes our love. It is a sign, Den. A new day, a new beginning for us.

Neverwhere is a troubled land. But together, we shall calm it and bring peace. We shall rule together.

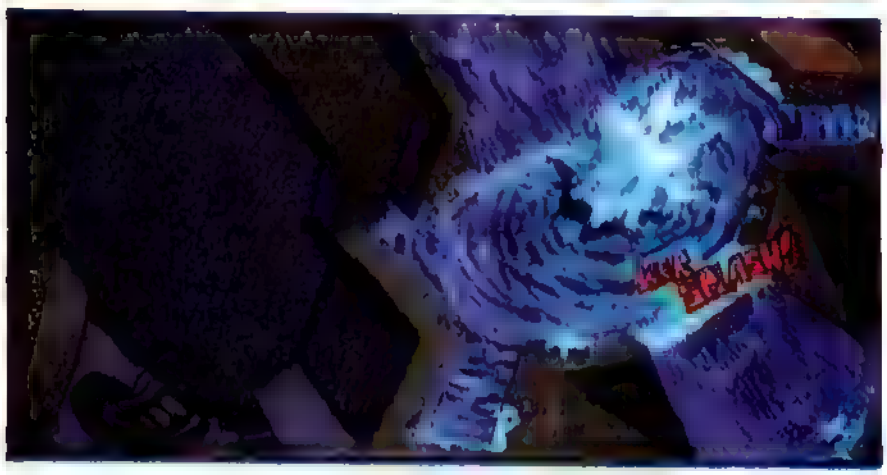

. . . your majesty!

. . . Your majesty, excuse me. There is a problem.

. . . The Loc-nar is missing . . . STOLEN!

FIEND! You make love to me while your friends continue your mischief!
HOLD HIM! I'm going to kill the snake once and for all!
YAAUGH!
KRAK
Things were violent again, but now I saw a slim chance for escape.
UNGH!
THRAK
WHAK!

I threw the end of the long bedding over the side and quickly followed.

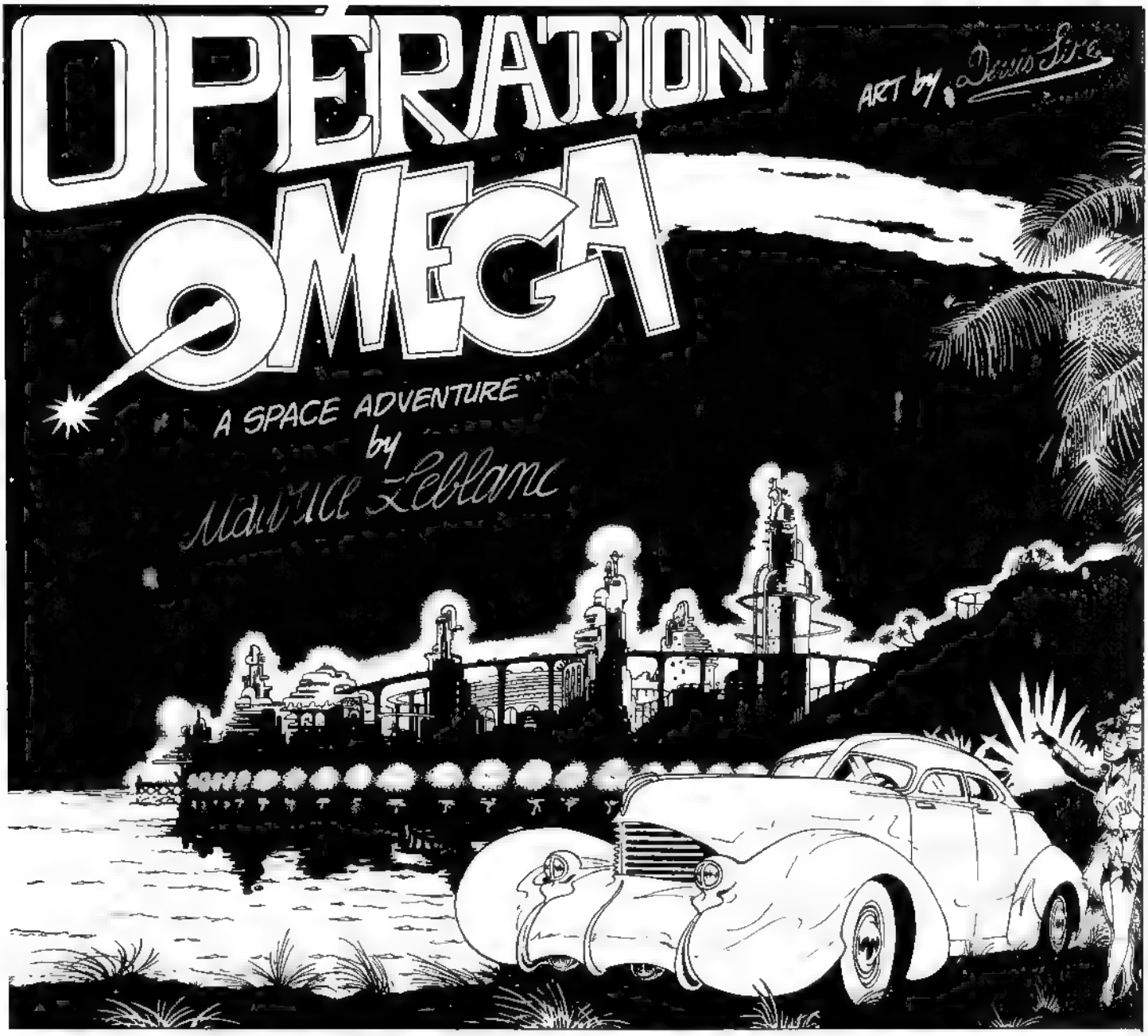


to be continued.

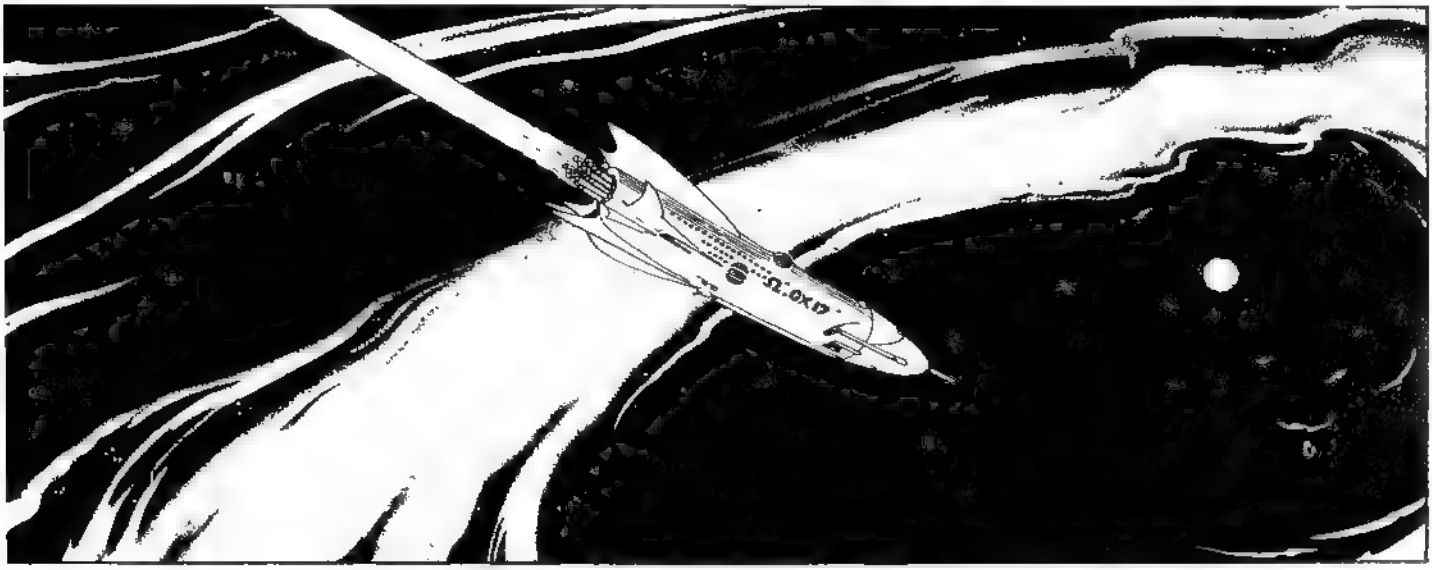
OPERATION OMEGA

ART by Denis Lire

A SPACE ADVENTURE by Maurice Leblanc



SEVEN MONTHS AGO, THE ATOMIC ROCKET **OMEGA-17** LEFT EARTH TO TRAVEL INTO SPACE ITS MISSION TO EXPLORE THE **UNKNOWN PLANET** WHICH HAD **MYSTERIOUSLY** ENTERED OUR SOLAR SYSTEM...



THE MAN CHOSEN TO LEAD THIS AUDACIOUS OPERATION IS NONE OTHER THAN THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN WHITE...
DARN! THE MOTOR'S CONKED OUT, AND I CAN'T GET IT RESTARTED!
HIS FIANCÉE, VIOLET, ASSIGNED TO THE RADIO TRANSMISSIONS WHICH CONNECT THE SHIP TO EARTH, IS FINDING IT MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT TO MAKE CONTACT...
IT'S THE ENGINE ROOM CALLING... GOOD GRIEF, THE TURBINE IS JAMMED!!
MORRIS WHITE QUICKLY DASHES FROM THE PILOT'S CABIN..
I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!!
THEN HE SWIFTLY DONS HIS ANTI-A OVERALLS.
HELLO?!... GOOD... THE AIRLOCK TO THE ENGINE ROOM IS OPENING!
WELL, OLD BOY, WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, CAPTAIN! IT MUST BE OVERHEATING!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CABIN OF VON RICKTUS, DOCTOR OF NUCLEAR PHYSICS...
MY DEAR, THIS TRIP IS TOO UTTERLY BORING... WHEN WILL IT BE OVER?
POSSIBLY VERY SOON, MONA...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DOCTOR!? TELL ME, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO!
YOU WOULD KNOW THAT IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE, MY BEAUTY... IF YOU COULD SEE WHITE AND HIS MECHANICS WORKING AWAY ON THE TURBINE... HE'S AN IDIOT!!!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
JUST LOOK AT THOSE POOR...
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR LITTLE JOKES, DOCTOR. I'M GOING TO TAKE A STROLL...
HAVE A NICE TIME, MONA!!
GET THE PRESSURE BACK TO ZERO IN THE TURBINE! THIS TIME, IT'LL WORK!!

AFTER REPAIRING THE TURBINE OF THE ATOMIC MOTOR, MORRIS HAS A TALK WITH HIS CHIEF ELECTRICIAN..
LEAVE A MAN NEAR THE TURBINE AT ALL TIMES, AND CHECK THE FLOW EVERY HOUR!!!
O.K., CAP, IF YOU SAY SO!
CHIN UP, OLD BOY! KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP!
HULLO! VIOLET? EVERYTHING'S O.K. NOW! I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO GET THE MOTOR STARTED! OVER!
BRAVO, DARLING! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU.
I CAN'T STAND IT, WASTING MY YOUTH INSIDE THIS SARDINE CAN! SPACE TRAVEL IS THROUGH, FINISHED! BUT NOW WHAT?
WE CAN'T GO ON WITH A DAMAGED MOTOR... WE'LL HAVE TO CONTACT EARTH TO GET NEW INSTRUCTIONS...
HEY?! HELLO THERE, MONA. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
NOTHING, GOOD LOOKING! JUST THINKING...

SORRY, MONA, BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TALK NOW.
LET ME BY.
NO, MORRIS DARLING, NOT UNTIL..
I'VE KISSED YOU!!
MMMMM!
WHAT? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND, MONA? AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?
IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SAY?! GO ON, THEN, IF YOU'RE IN SUCH A HURRY...
POOR FOOL!
IN THE CONTROL ROOM...
NO, JIM, EARTH DOESN'T ANSWER ANYMORE. IT'S STRANGE...
STILL NOTHING, VIOLET?
O.K.!?! JIM, GET READY TO FIRE THE REACTOR!!! VIOLET, CONTACT EARTH!!!
I JUST DID, MORRIS/UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET A RESPONSE!!!
O.K., CAP!
YOU WERE CERTAINLY GONE LONG ENOUGH. WAS THERE A PROBLEM?
UH... YES, YES... I WAS GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO THE CHIEF MECHANIC, THAT'S ALL...
YOU SEEM A LITTLE NERVOUS, MORRIS, HONEY...

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG. I CAN FEEL IT... BUT WHY THIS EMBARRASSMENT, WHY THIS SILENCE?
JIM, WE'RE RESUMING OUR COURSE / REACTOR AT MINIMAL POWER!
O.K., CAP/
OMEGA-17 HAS STARTED AGAIN... FOR HOW LONG? DEAR GOD, IF I COULD ONLY GET INSTRUCTIONS FROM EARTH!

IN ORDER TO FORGET HER ROMANTIC FAILURE WITH MORRIS WHITE, MONA GOES TO THE SWIMMING ROOM.

MEANWHILE .. IN VON RICKTUS'S CABIN...

DAMNATION! THE MACHINE CONFIRMS MY CALCULATIONS. THIS SHIP IS ON THE ROAD TO RUIN! ACH! THIS SITUATION CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER!

I SIMPLY MUST TALK TO MONA!!!
WELL, I'M EXHAUSTED!
BUT I KNOW ONE THING FOR SURE: THAT I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS METAL SAUSAGE EVEN MORE THAN EVER...!
I SAY, SENTRY, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE MY ASSISTANT, MONA, IS?
OF COURSE, DOCTOR. RIGHT NOW SHE'D BE IN CABIN Nº 3 OF THE SWIMMING TANK.
THANK YOU! NOW, LET ME PASS!
TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!
WHO'S THERE?
IT IS I, VON RICKTUS, I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!...MAY... I?
YOU MUST PARDON ME, IT CAN'T WAIT!
CERTAINLY, DARLING, COME IN.
NOW WHAT DOES HE WANT?
BY ALL THE ELECTRONS OF THE GALAXY, MONA, YOU LIGHT UP OUR DARK ROCKET WITH YOUR...
YES! SURE! DID YOU COME BARGING IN HERE TO TELL ME THAT?

NO! OUR SITUATION IS STILL CRITICAL! ARE YOU STILL SET ON RETURNING TO EARTH!
MORE THAN EVER, DARLING!
GOOD! NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN!
VON RICKTUS REVEALS HIS DIABOLICAL PROJECT TO MONA...
... AND TO DO IT, I WILL NEED YOUR HELP TO RALLY SOME OF THE CREWMEN TO OUR CAUSE!
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, DOCTOR!
MORRIS! I'M PICKING UP STATIC ON MY HEADSET!
YOU MUST BE TIRED! GIVE ME THE HEADSET AND GO GET SOME REST IN YOUR CABIN..
...NOW YOU'LL FIND OUT WHO IS THE STRONGEST ONE ON BOARD, MY HANDSOME CAPTAIN.
COME ON, MONA, IT'S TIME!
OH, ME! OH, MY! I'M DROPPING WITH EXHAUSTION! A LITTLE REST WILL DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD...
WAIT! WHAT ARE THOSE TWO UP TO?
WE'LL MEET IN AN HOUR, AGREED!
YES, YOU KNOW WHERE! GOOD LUCK!

IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, MONA...
..HAS MANAGED TO ASSEMBLE A LITTLE...
. GANG OF MEN DETERMINED TO MUTINY...
VIOLET, UNAWARE OF THE DANGER MENACING THE CALM OF THE SHIP, IS ASLEEP ON HER BED...
AND AS FOR MORRIS--HE'S PREOCCUPIED WITH THE PROBLEMS OF COSMIC RADIO INTERFERENCE, WHICH APPEAR TO BE INSOLUBLE
VIOLET WASN'T DREAMING! BUT WHERE CAN THIS DIABOLICAL STATIC BE COMING FROM? THE RADAR'S STILL QUIET...
THAT'S BAD!
JULES
LE BLANC
DOCTOR, I SEE THAT YOU'RE ON TIME..
AH! THERE YOU ARE ... YOU, DEAR CHILD, WILL SAVE US!

THE LITTLE GANG BURSTS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM!
CALM YOURSELF, CAPTAIN, I'M RELIEVING YOU OF YOUR TASKS!
PUT DOWN YOUR GUN, JIM!
IS THERE SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY?
WHY, DOCTOR, WHAT BEE CAN YOU POSSIBLY HAVE IN YOUR BONNET? HOW ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE COMMAND GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES-- THIS IS MADNESS!!!
ON THE CONTRARY, I MADE THIS DECISION IN A SPIRIT OF UTMOST CALM. IN SPITE OF YOU, I WANT TO SAVE THE CREW FROM THE FATAL RADIATIONS THE TURBINE HAS BEGUN TO EMIT!
HELLO? HELLO? ORDERS FOR OMEGA-17 CREW TO RETURN TO EARTH! THE AUTOMATIC LANDING BEAM WILL BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL IMMEDIATELY! BON VOYAGE!
OPERATION OMEGA IS TERMINATED!
BUT!? CAN IT BE THAT THE LITTLE VESSEL APPROACHING OUR ROCKET HAS SOME CONNECTION WITH THE MYSTERIOUS STATIC HEARD BY VIOLET?
NO!
COURAGEOUSLY, MORRIS LEAPS, AND...
OW!
PLEASE BELIEVE THAT I REGRET THIS VIOLENCE, CAPTAIN, BUT YOUR RATHER CHILDISH CONDUCT FORCES ME TO DO THIS...
SPAK
LET'S GO, MEN, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
10

THE INCIDENT OVER, EVERYONE PREPARES TO LEAVE OMEGA-17... OR...
NEARLY EVERYONE:
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WE HAVE TO EVACUATE AND MORRIS DIDN'T EVEN WARN ME! HOW STRANGE...
MY GOD!
WITH EVERYONE ELSE GONE AHEAD, THE LAST LAUNCH READIES FOR TAKEOFF WITH ONLY VON RICKTUS, THREE MEN... AND VIOLET... ON BOARD...
MAYBE A LARGE METEORITE COLLIDED WITH THE ROCKET! GO CHECK ON IT BEFORE WE LEAVE....!
SAY, DOC, WHAT COULD THAT HELLISH NOISE BE?
O.K., DOC!

IN ITS TURN, THE FOURTH LAUNCH EXPLODES FROM THE SHIP...
TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN, WHAT'S HAPPENING? SPEAK UP?
MY GOD!
AAAGHHHH... THE MONSTERS GRR. THEY RE CARRYING OFF VIOLET.. THEY MUST BE..
A LITTLE WHILE LATER, THE GALACTIC SILENCE FALLS AGAIN ON OMEGA-17. THE FIFTH ROCKET NEVER RETURNS TO EARTH.
BY A THOUSAND PLANETS! WE CAN'T LET HER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF CREATURES WITHOUT RELIGION OR LAW... COMRADES, MIGHT I SOLICIT YOUR HELP IN...
YOU BET, DOC! I'D RATHER DIE... THAN LEAVE HER IN THE HANDS OF THOSE SWINE!
RIGHT!
AND WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS, ASTONISHINGLY ENOUGH, THE FOUR LAUNCHES FROM OMEGA-17 ARRIVED AT OMEGA-ON-THE-SEA. CAPTAIN MORRIS WHITE REPORTED HIS SAD MISADVENTURE TO THE SPACE AUTHORITIES, AND COULD ONLY SUGGEST SOME THEORIES REGARDING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE FIFTH SHIP..
AS FOR THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE MUTINY, THEY WERE DISMISSED FROM THEIR POSITIONS AND FORBIDDEN TO FLY FOR THREE YEARS!
...BUT... DID THE ENIGMATIC VON RICKTUS REALLY SAVE VIOLET FROM HER STRUGGLE WITH THE MYSTERIOUS EXTRATERRESTRIALS ???
WILL MORRIS EVER AGAIN FIND HIS SWEET FIANCÉE, NOW LOST IN DEEPEST SPACE?...
AT THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN DAY ON THE BEACH AT OMEGA-ON-THE-SEA...
DO YOU LOVE ME? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, DEAR?
BUT MORRIS DOES NOT RESPOND TO MONA... HIS EYES ARE FIXED ON THE HEAVENS ABOVE...
DORE 96

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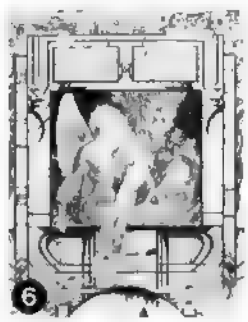

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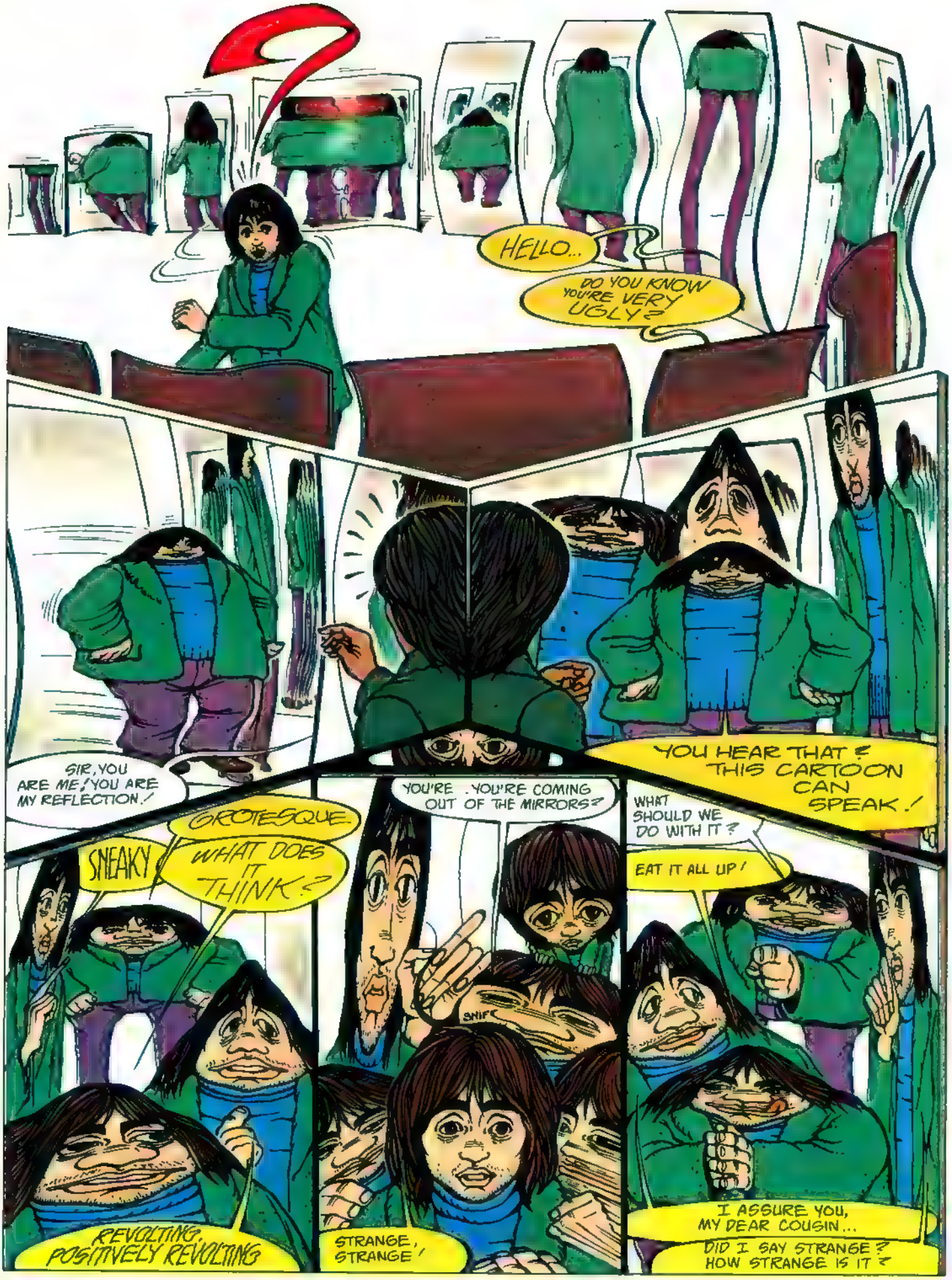
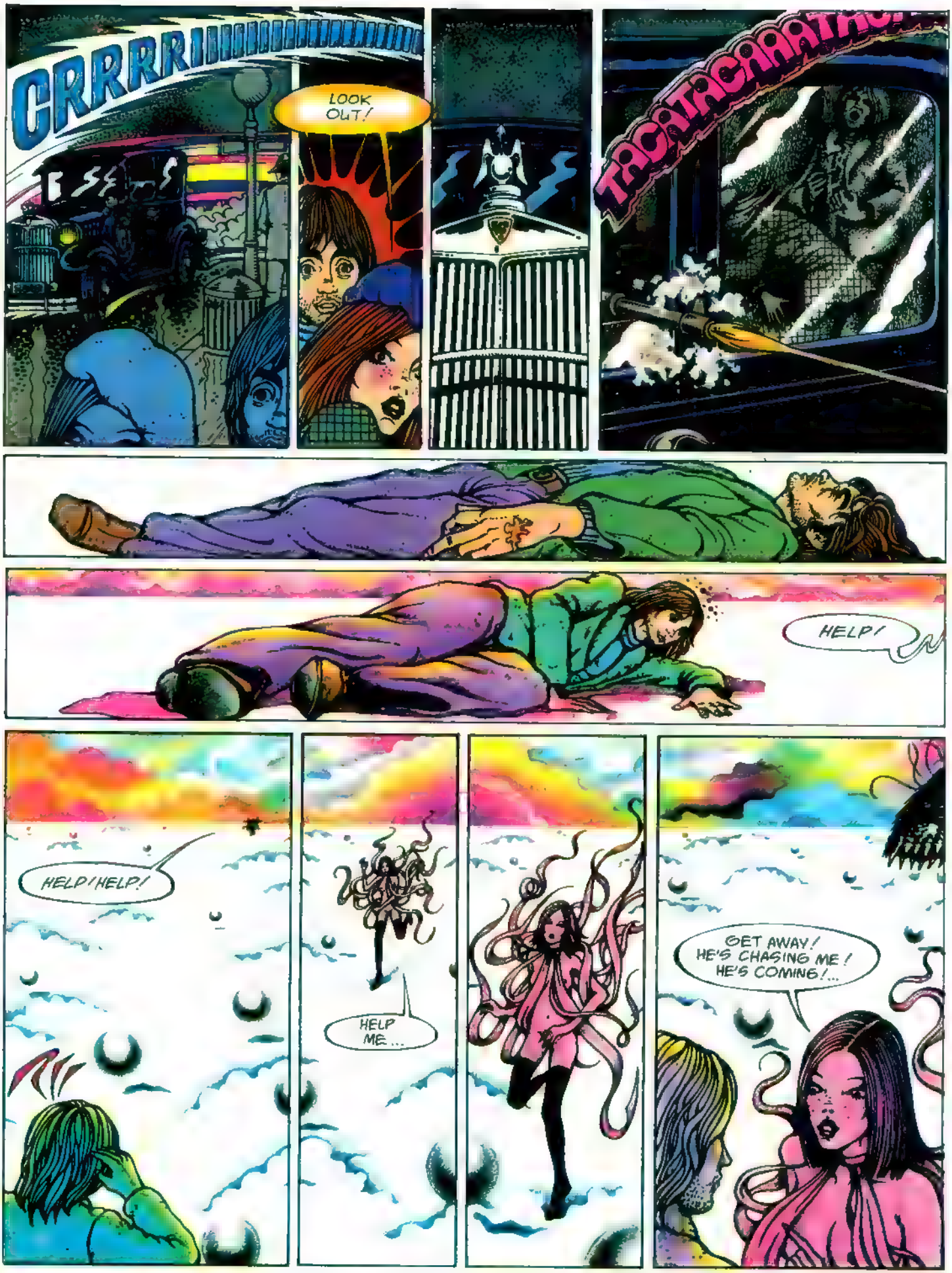
jean cyriaque
"IN YOU I AM REBORN"
STORY: DIONNET
ART SOLÉ

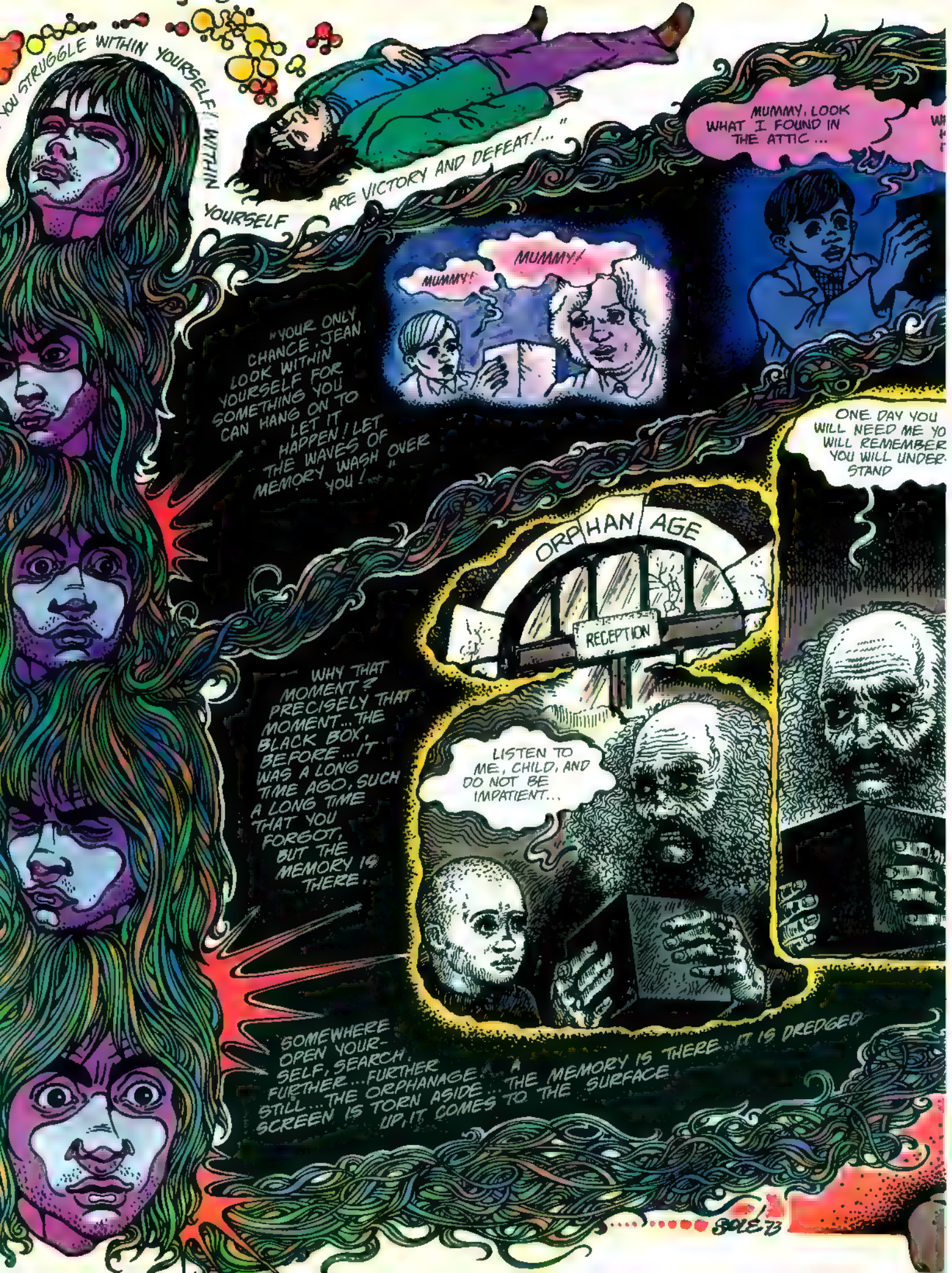
COME, ENTER!...
WE BID YOU WELCOME, JEAN CYRIAQUE! COME FORWARD!...
WE'RE BACK AT THE PLACE WE STARTED FROM. ARE WE GOING TO GO ON PLAYING THIS SCENE FOREVER?
NOT REALLY. FOR THIS TIME, YOU SEE, WE HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU YOUR CHANCE!
WHAT CHANCE? TO KILL MYSELF? TO LET MYSELF GO MAD, OR -- EVEN BETTER -- TO BECOME A NEW PERSONALITY?
AH, BUT YOU'RE MISTAKEN: IT WAS IN YOUR BEST INTEREST THAT EVERYTHING WAS DONE, IN ORDER THAT YOUR LIFE MIGHT RESUME ITS NORMAL COURSE.
WHETHER YOU DID IT FOR ME OR FOR YOURSELVES, YOU'VE FAILED. SO WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?
NOW, WE OFFER YOU THE CHANCE TO BECOME ONE OF US. BUT BE CAREFUL... YOU MUST BE WORTHY OF IT... OTHERS HAVE TRIED AND...
I ACCEPT!
WHATEVER THE TRIALS?
WHATEVER THEY MIGHT BE!
WE KNEW IT / THAT'S WHY, WHILE WE SPOKE, THIS LITTLE PLAY BECAME AN UBIK, THAT IS TO SAY, A MERE EMPTY ENVELOPE CAPABLE OF MATERIALIZING FANTASIES...
FOR IT IS YOURSELF THAT YOU STRUGGLE AGAINST! WITHIN YOURSELF ARE VICTORY AND DEFEAT.
DO NOT FORGET THAT, OR YOU WILL RETURN TO THE ASYLUM...
FOREVER!

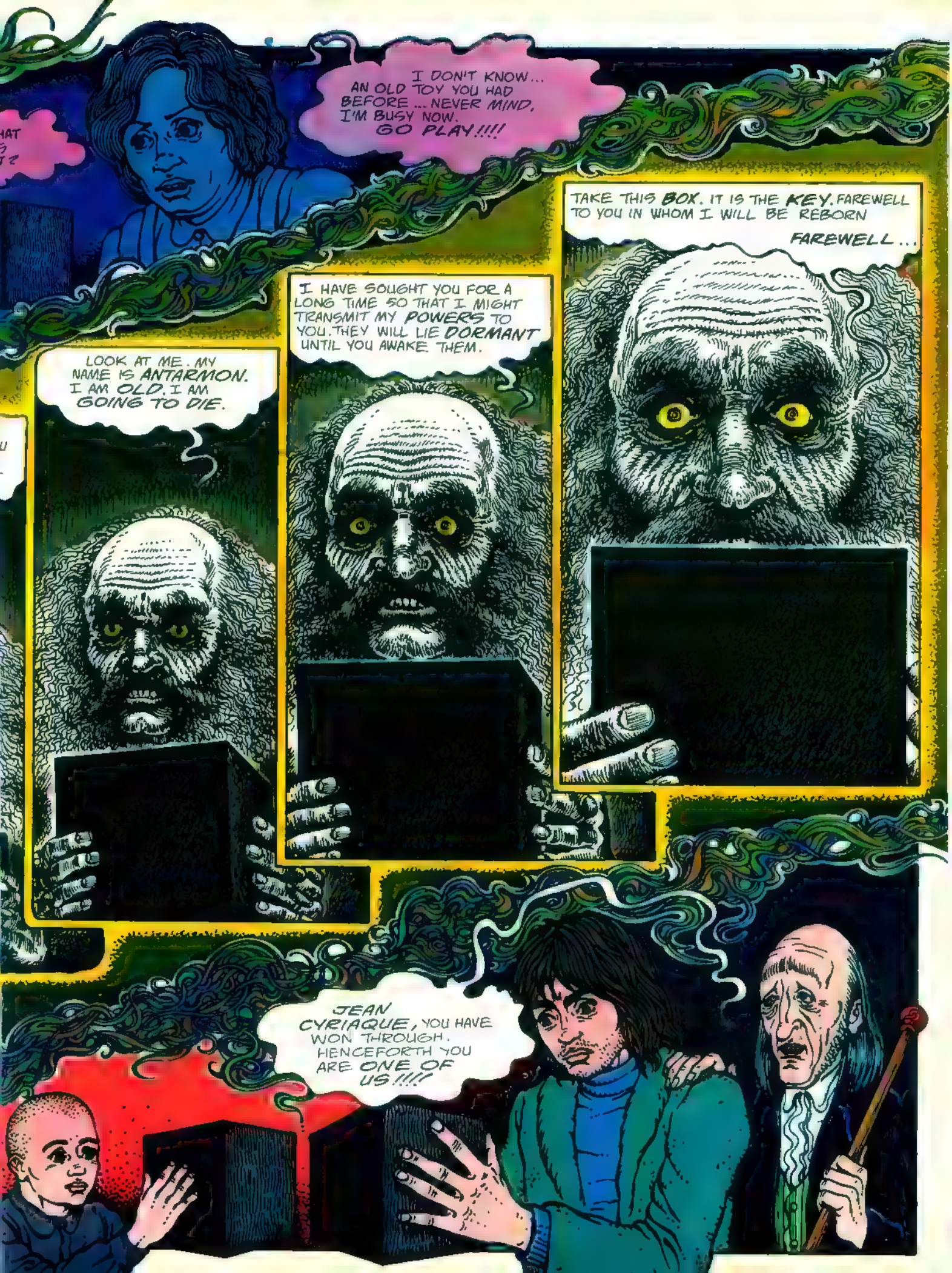

HELLO...
DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE VERY UGLY?
SIR, YOU ARE ME! YOU ARE MY REFLECTION!
YOU HEAR THAT? THIS CARTOON CAN SPEAK!
YOU'RE . YOU'RE COMING OUT OF THE MIRRORS?
GROTESQUE
SNEAKY
WHAT DOES IT THINK?
WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH IT?
EAT IT ALL UP!
SNIF
REVOLTING. POSITIVELY REVOLTING
STRANGE, STRANGE!
I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR COUSIN...
DID I SAY STRANGE? HOW STRANGE IS IT?

YES, EAT IT!
HANG IT!
COUNT IT.
POKE IT!
YES, COUNT IT!
THAT'S IT, COUNT IT!
NO, STOP! GET AWAY!
NO!
ALL RIGHT, YOU READY TO TALK? YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT NOW?
LEAVE HIM ALONE!!! I'VE PAID HIS BOND!
COME ON, BABY, YOU'RE SPRUNG!
POLICE H-Q
POLICE
POLICE H-Q
SHAKE A LEG! THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! CORLEONE SQUEALED!


CRRRR
LOOK OUT!
TRCRTRCRRRRTRCR
HELP!
HELP! HELP!
HELP ME...
GET AWAY! HE'S CHASING ME! HE'S COMING!...

GET AWAY!
FOOL! YOU LET HER GET BY!
WE'RE DONE FOR! SHE'S GONE RIGHT INTO THE CORTEX!
LOOK!
HIHIHIH


YOU STRUGGLE WITHIN YOURSELF! WITHIN YOURSELF ARE VICTORY AND DEFEAT!..."
MUMMY, LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE ATTIC...
MUMMY!
MUMMY!
"YOUR ONLY CHANCE, JEAN. LOOK WITHIN YOURSELF FOR SOMETHING YOU CAN HANG ON TO... LET IT HAPPEN! LET THE WAVES OF MEMORY WASH OVER YOU!..."
ONE DAY YOU WILL NEED ME YO WILL REMEMBER YOU WILL UNDER STAND
ORPHAN AGE
RECEPTION
WHY THAT MOMENT? PRECISELY THAT MOMENT... THE BLACK BOX, BEFORE... IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, SUCH A LONG TIME THAT YOU FORGOT, BUT THE MEMORY IS THERE...
LISTEN TO ME, CHILD, AND DO NOT BE IMPATIENT...
SOMEWHERE OPEN YOURSELF, SEARCH, FURTHER... FURTHER STILL... THE ORPHANAGE... A SCREEN IS TORN ASIDE... THE MEMORY IS THERE... IT IS DREDGED UP, IT COMES TO THE SURFACE
BOLE 73


I DON'T KNOW... AN OLD TOY YOU HAD BEFORE... NEVER MIND, I'M BUSY NOW. GO PLAY!!!!
TAKE THIS BOX. IT IS THE KEY. FAREWELL TO YOU IN WHOM I WILL BE REBORN
FAREWELL...
I HAVE SOUGHT YOU FOR A LONG TIME SO THAT I MIGHT TRANSMIT MY POWERS TO YOU. THEY WILL LIE DORMANT UNTIL YOU AWAKE THEM.
LOOK AT ME. MY NAME IS ANTARMON. I AM OLD. I AM GOING TO DIE.
JEAN CYRIAQUE, YOU HAVE WON THROUGH. HENCEFORTH YOU ARE ONE OF US!!!!

CRIES, MURMURS; SONGS. SMILES. LAUGHTER...
UPLIFTED ARMS, HANDS REACHING OUT, EXCITEMENT AND SYMPATHY.
THEY BID YOU WELCOME, JEAN. THEY ACCEPT YOU. YOU ARE ONE OF THEM.
WHY, THEN, THIS FROZEN SMILE, AND WHY THE SADNESS IN YOUR EYES...
YOUR EYES ARE FIXED ON THE VAST BRONZE STATUE WHICH DOMINATES THE ROOM.
YOU RECOGNIZE HIS FACE... AND EVEN IF YOU STILL DOUBTED, THERE IS HIS NAME ON THE PEDESTAL!
ANTARMON
9

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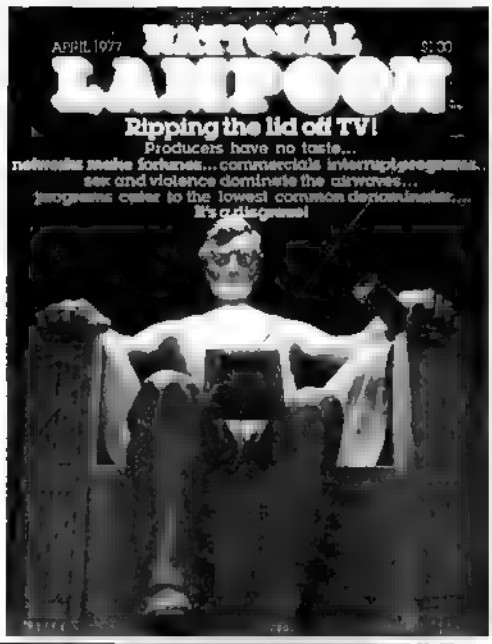
We submitted the *National Lampoon* to an independent testing institute to see how well we stack up against our leading competitor.

Here are the results: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Producers have no taste...
networks make fortunes... commercials interrupt programs...
sex and violence dominate the airwaves...
programs cater to the lowest common denominator...
It's a disgrace!

Big Boffs	YES	NO
Madcap Antics	YES	NO
Articles on Balance of Trade Payments	NO	YES
Mirth	YES	NO
Merriment	YES	NO
Tons of Fun	YES	NO
Reports on Emerging African Nations	NO	YES
Snappy Patter	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year	YES	NO
	7YES	2YES

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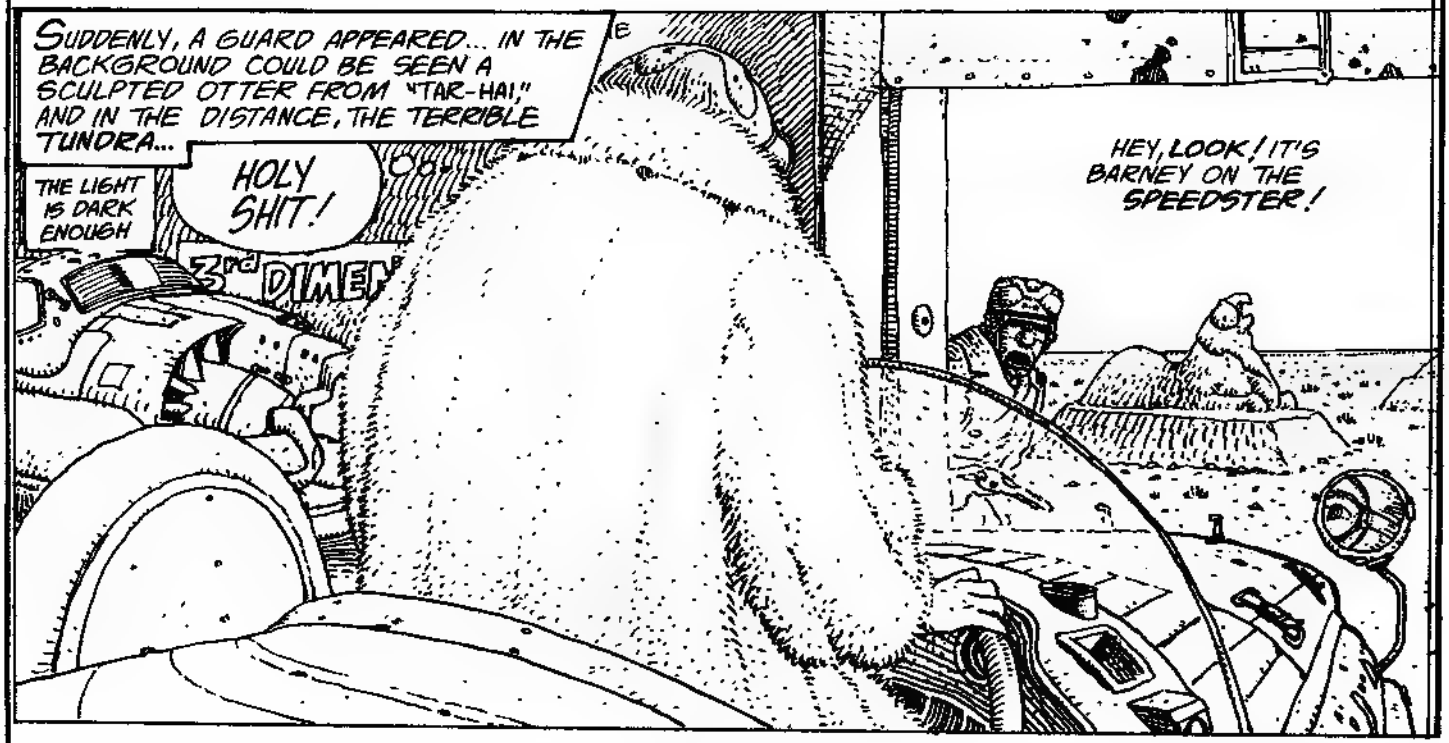
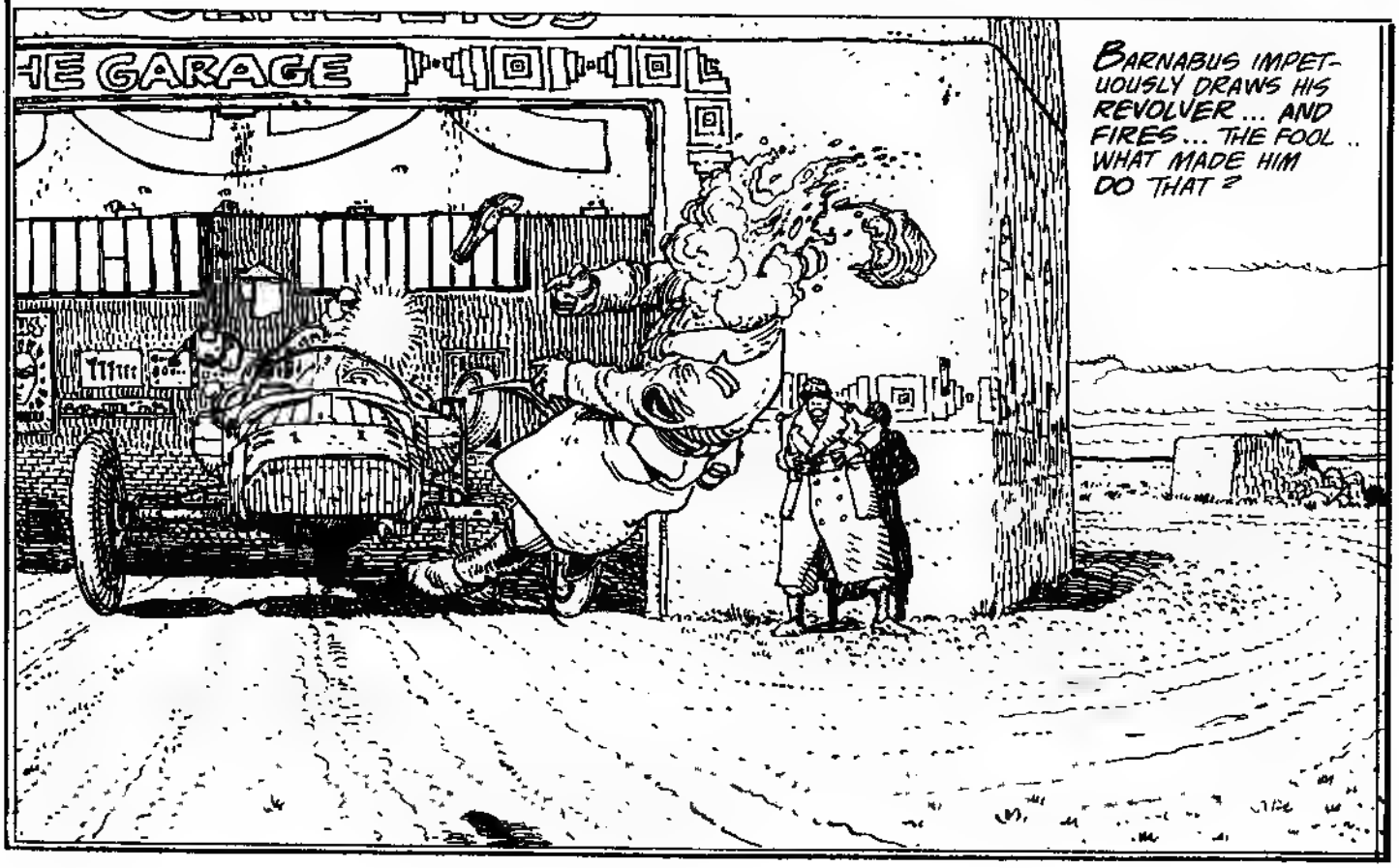
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORNELIUS

CHAPTER THREE: THE PLOT THICKENS


SUDDENLY, A GUARD APPEARED... IN THE BACKGROUND COULD BE SEEN A SCULPTED OTTER FROM "TAR-HAI," AND IN THE DISTANCE, THE TERRIBLE TUNDRA...
THE LIGHT IS DARK ENOUGH
HOLY SHIT!
3rd DIMEN
HEY, LOOK! IT'S BARNEY ON THE SPEEDSTER!



DAMNIT! THIS FUCKING ENGINE WON'T START.

THAT'S WEIRD...

ITS AIR-POWERED MOTOR IS SO **DEPENDABLE** THAT SOME CLAIM IT CAN RUN **FOREVER**... THAT'S WHY ENGINEER BARNABUS IS SO SURPRISED.

(IN MY OPINION, A **CRIMINAL HAND** HAS SABOTAGED A **VITAL COMPONENT**, SUCH AS THE TOGGLE OF THE ON-OFF SWITCH...)

RDOO RDOO

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE "CIGURI," MAJOR GRUBERT'S SPACESHIP...

WELL?...

I DON'T **UNDERSTAND** IT AT ALL!

OUR **SECURITY BASE** HAS BEEN DISCOVERED AND **INVADED** BY STRANGERS...

AT ALL LEVELS?..

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL... FROM HERE...

THIS COULD JUST BE A BAKALITE **TRICK**... WE'D BETTER TRANSPORT A SPY DOWN THERE VIA THE **PUSHMEPULL WAVES**...

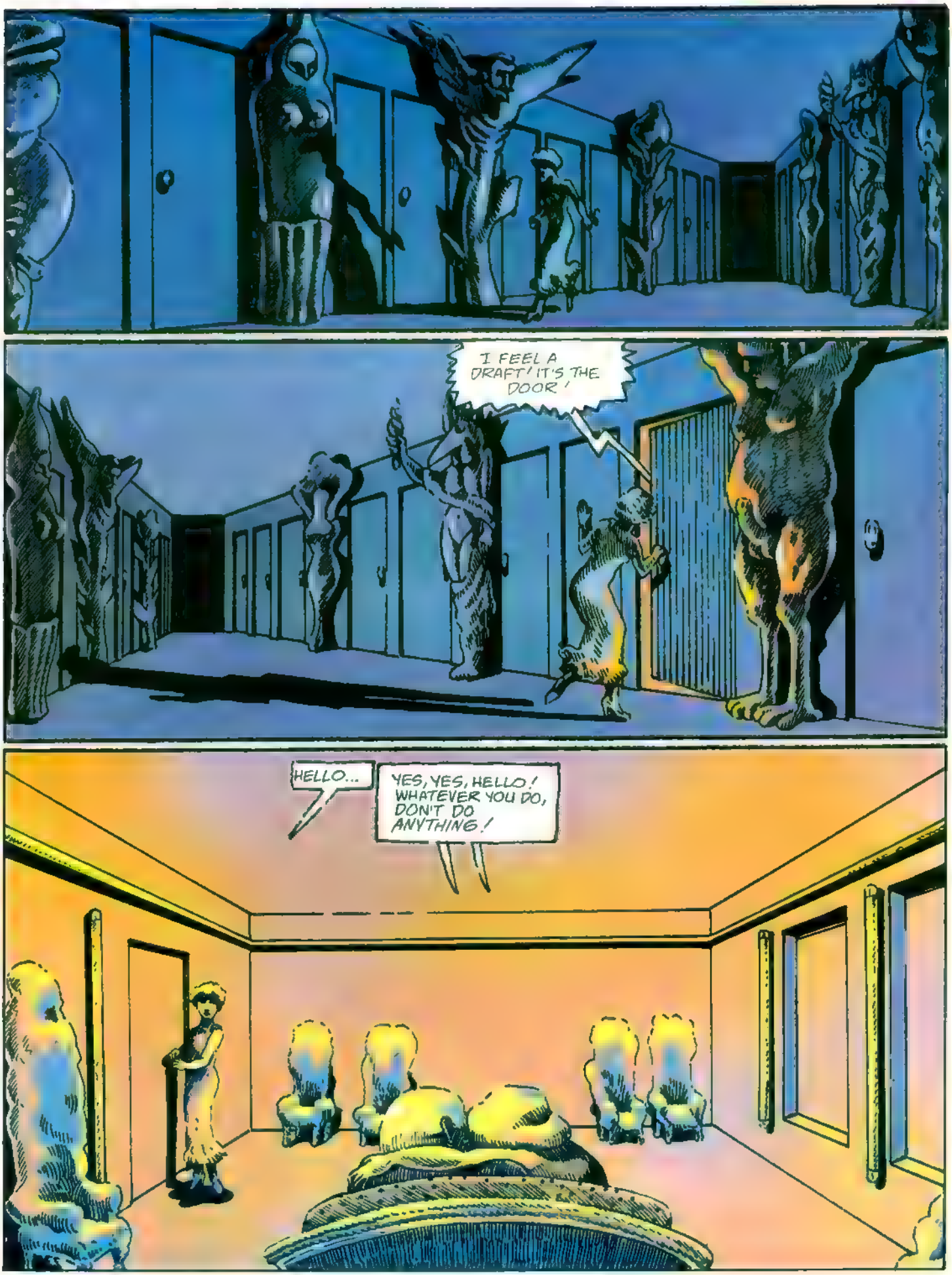
WILL THE MAJOR'S SPY FALL INTO THE **CUNNING TRAP** LAID FOR HIM BY **JERRY CORNELIUS**? YOU'LL FIND OUT **SOON**, WHEN YOU READ...

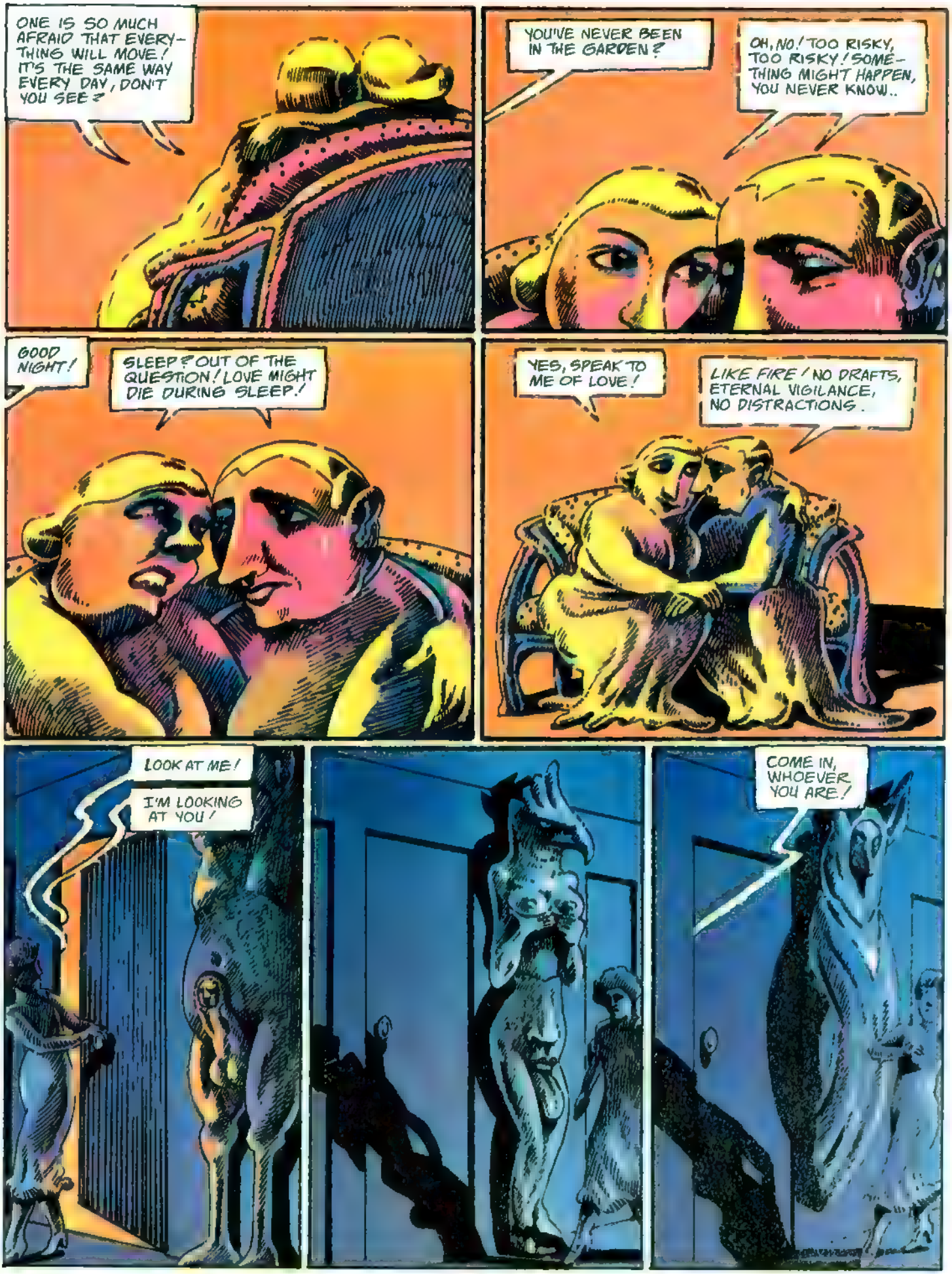
STAR BILLIARD...

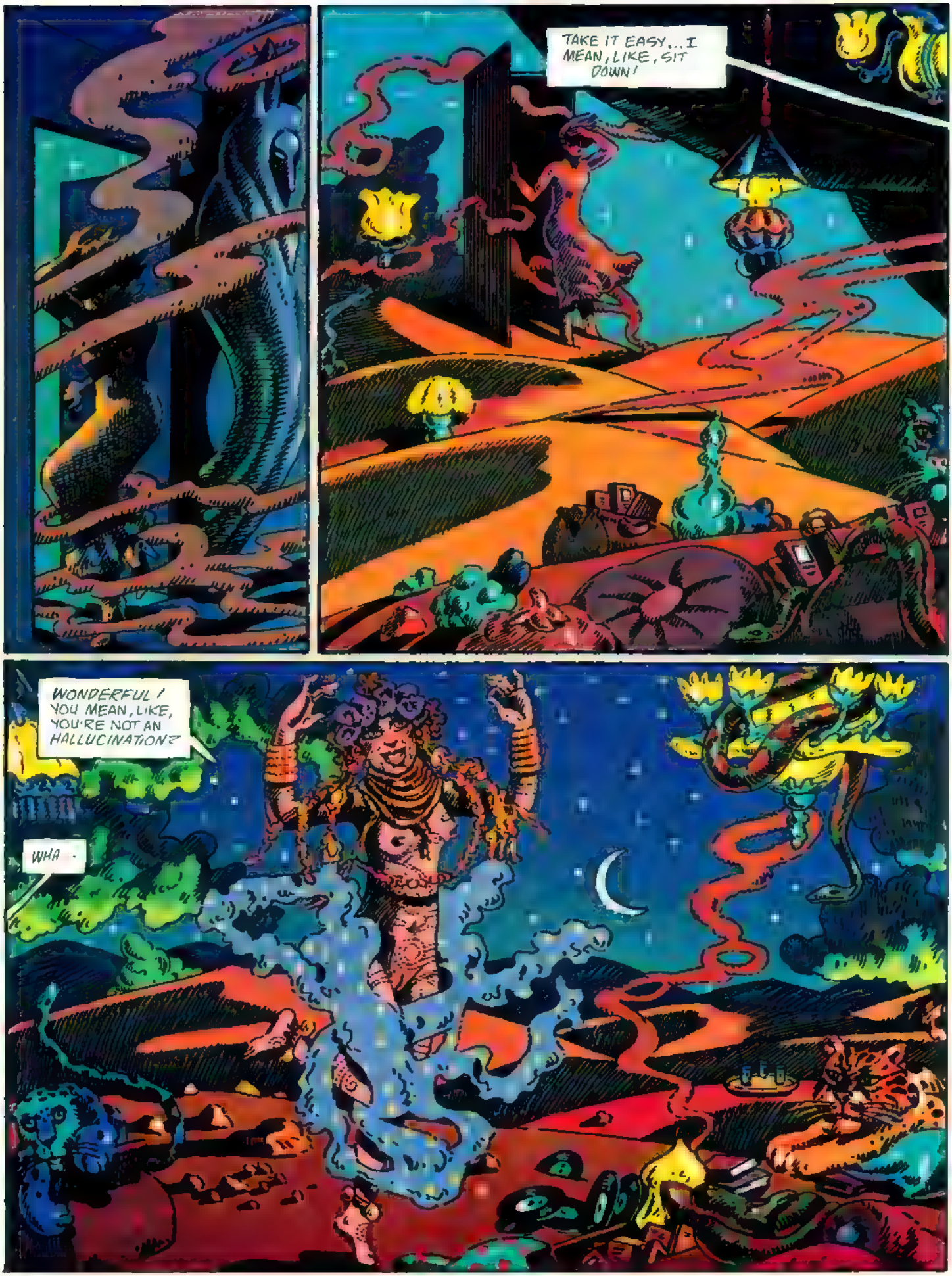
OUR NEXT EPISODE

White Night

STORY BY ZHA ART BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX


I FEEL A DRAFT! IT'S THE DOOR!
HELLO...
YES, YES, HELLO! WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T DO ANYTHING!


ONE IS SO MUCH AFRAID THAT EVERY-THING WILL MOVE! IT'S THE SAME WAY EVERY DAY, DON'T YOU SEE?
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE GARDEN?
OH, NO! TOO RISKY, TOO RISKY! SOME-THING MIGHT HAPPEN, YOU NEVER KNOW..
GOOD NIGHT!
SLEEP? OUT OF THE QUESTION! LOVE MIGHT DIE DURING SLEEP!
YES, SPEAK TO ME OF LOVE!
LIKE FIRE / NO DRAFTS, ETERNAL VIGILANCE, NO DISTRACTIONS.
LOOK AT ME!
I'M LOOKING AT YOU!
COME IN, WHOEVER YOU ARE!


TAKE IT EASY... I MEAN, LIKE, SIT DOWN!
WONDERFUL! YOU MEAN, LIKE, YOU'RE NOT AN HALLUCINATION?
WHA-

YOU TRIP A LOT?
YOU KNOW, LIKE THEY SAY... MY BAGS ARE ALWAYS PACKED!
IT'S, LIKE, A BEAUTIFUL STARRY NIGHT! WILL YOU STAY TO DINNER?
NO, I'M TOO BUSY. GOOD NIGHT.
AH, IT'S YOU, THEN?

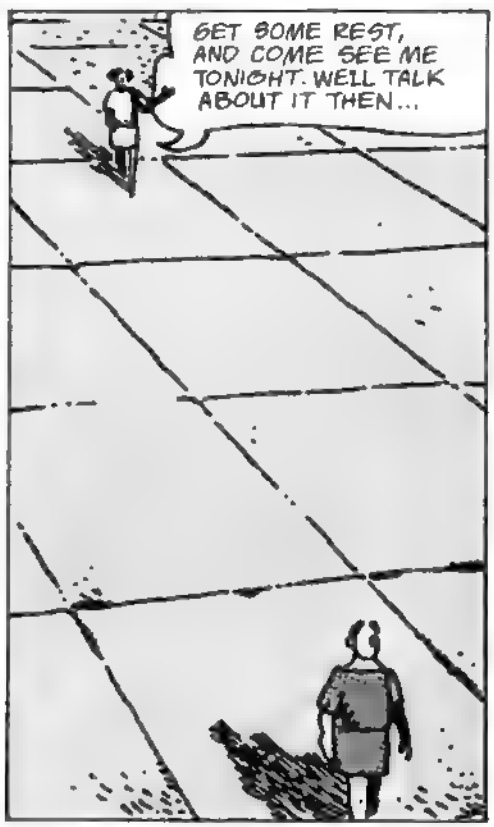
AM I DISTURBING YOU?
NOT AT ALL!
AH, STILL THERE, ARE YOU?
IT'S ALL RIGHT WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I WATCH OVER THE SILENCE ..
YES!
ALL OVER THE GLOBE?
WHY?
AH!
ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

SSSSH / I'M MEDITATING /
HEY /
SHOULD I TAKE EVERYTHING OFF ?

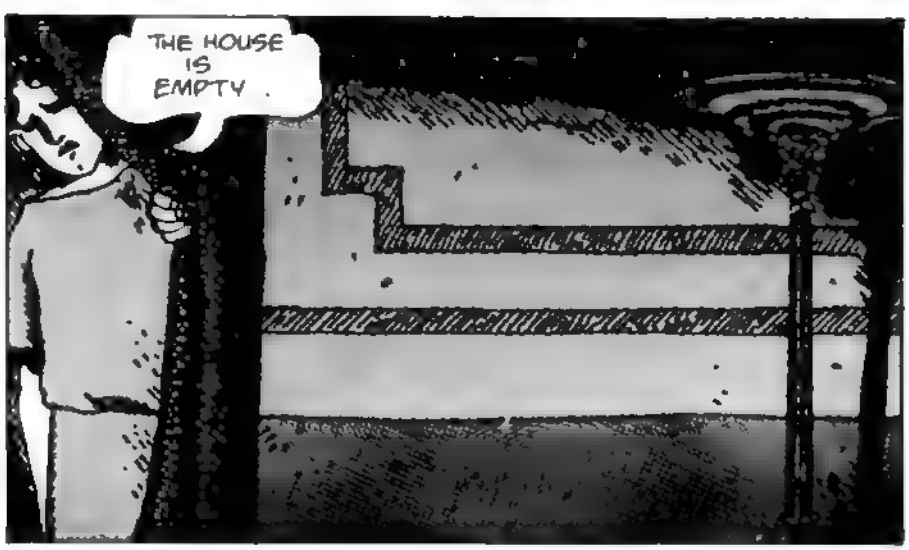
NO, YOU'RE TOO LATE .. I'VE AGED FORTY YEARS IN ONE NIGHT./
Jim

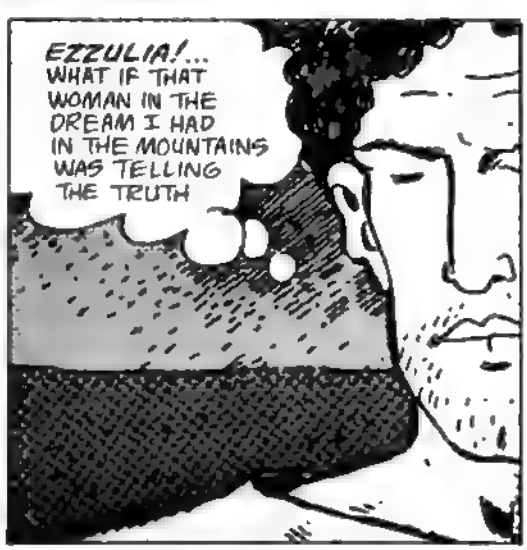
POLONIUS
WE'LL GO IMMEDIATELY TO GOMMURGE'S PALACE.
THERE WAS NO ONE TO WELCOME THEM. GOMMURGE'S PALACE, USUALLY RINGING WITH AN INCREDIBLE DIN, WAS QUITE SILENT ON THIS MORNING
GOMMURGE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME THIS TIME?

PATIENCE, POLONIUS! OUR TIME WILL COME. PATIENCE...
YOU KEEP TELLING ME THAT... AND MEANWHILE, THE SHIT AND CORRUPTION SPREAD THROUGH THE WHOLE CITY.



ALTHOUGH HE WAS COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED BY THE TRIP, POLONIUS WAS SO FED UP WITH SOMMURGE'S INDIFFERENCE THAT HE WAS DETERMINED TO IMMEDIATELY ABANDON THE LUXURY WHICH GENERAL EGYPIOS HAD LAVISHED UPON HIM, AND TO BREAK FOR GOOD WITH THE GROUP WHICH WAS LEADING THE CITY OF RU TO DISASTER...





THAT NIGHT, POLONIUS MADE HIS WAY INTO THE STREET OF SHAME.
SHE'S HERE.. I'M SURE OF IT
HE BURST INTO ONE OF THE HOUSES.. AND RECOGNIZED THE PLACE AS IF HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.
GET OUT!
EZZULIA!
HEY!

HEY, YOU! GET LOST OR I'LL CALL A GUARD!
POLONIUS
OOF!
HE'S CRAZY! WHAT DID I DO TO HIM? I NEVER EVEN SAW HIM BEFORE!
OH, NO! NO! NO!
STOP THAT MAN!
POLONIUS, TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE! FOR PITY'S SAKE, POLONIUS!
AFTER WANDERING FOR HOURS AND HOURS, POLONIUS
HEAD SPINNING, HE ENTERED IT IN A DAZE
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

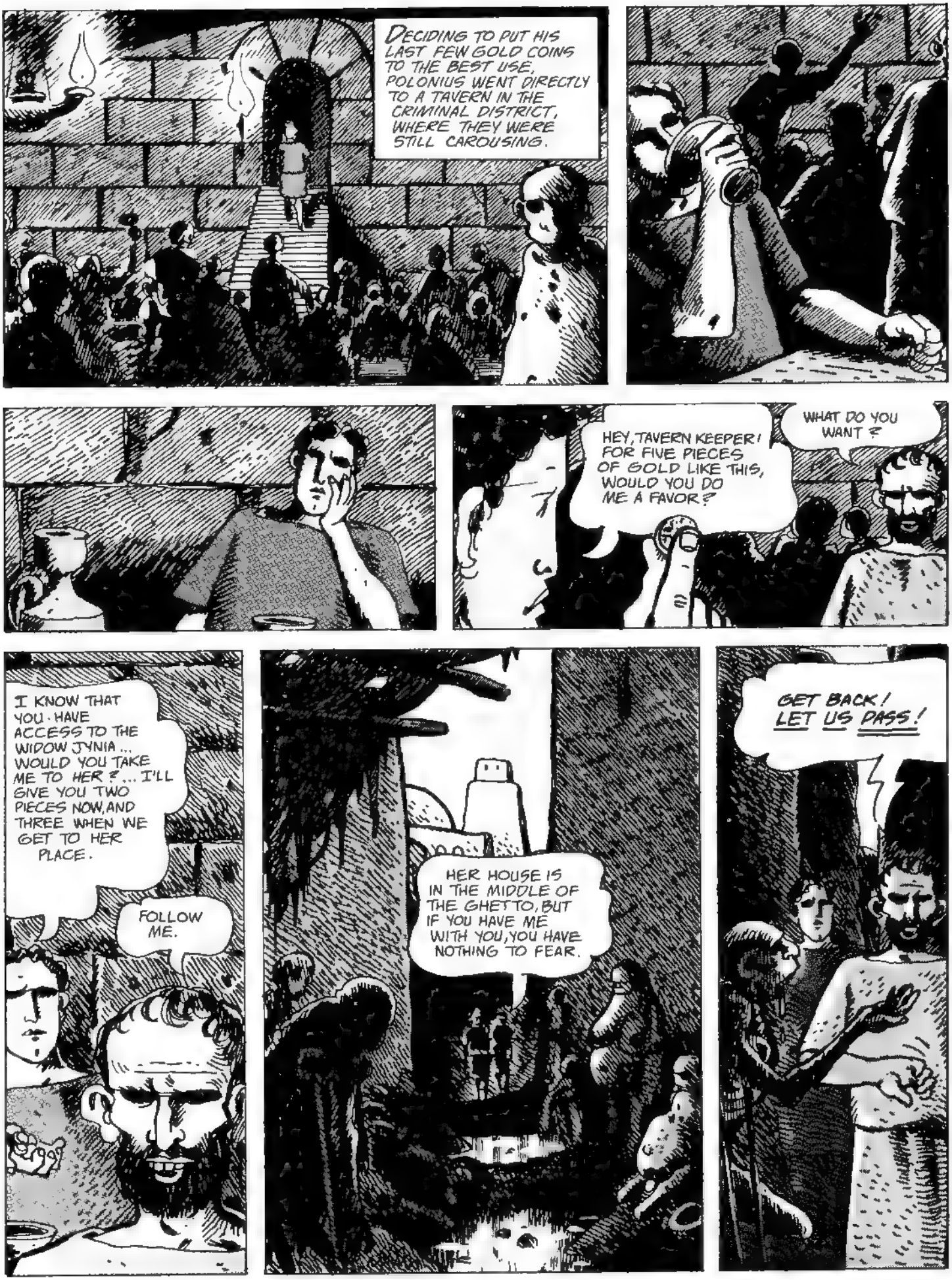
CHIMOS!
BUT WHY?
WHILE YOU WERE GONE, EGYPIOS'S MEN CAME...THEY DESTROYED HIS COLLECTION.
HE COULDN'T STAND IT!
LUVIA SUMMONED THE MOST EXPERT EMBALMERS, LEST THE BODY OF HER SON, WHO HAD BEEN THE LAST WISE MAN IN RU, BE DELIVERED TO THE JACKALS.
I MUST GO NOW
BUT WHERE WILL YOU GO? CLEARLY YOU CANNOT RETURN TO THE HOUSE OF EGYPIOS.
NO BUT THERE MUST BE SOME PLACE...I DON'T KNOW... THE STREET..
THEN STAY HERE.

HE OFTEN SPOKE OF YOU TO ME. HE ADMIRED YOU. IF I WERE A RICH WIDOW, I WOULD TAKE YOU ON AS A FAVORITE.
WE ARE ALONE, EACH OF US ON HIS ISLAND, WITHOUT FRIENDS, WITHOUT FAMILY... BUT WHY?

I SHALL PREPARE MYSELF FOR DEATH... LIKE THE OTHERS IN RU.
RENUNCIATION, DEATH. ACCEPTING THE END, RESIGNATION... WHILE THERE ARE A FEW WHO FEAST THE DAY LONG AND OPPRESS THE PEOPLE...

YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND. YOU COME FROM THE OUTLANDS.
THE OUTLANDS. AH, IT'S TRUE. I AM AN OUTLANDER, AND CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND. AND YOU KNOW IT ALL. ALWAYS THE SAME LITANY OF MISERY. GOOD NIGHT.

AT DAWN, IN SILENCE, HE LEFT THE HOUSE OF THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN HIS ONLY FRIEND.


DECIDING TO PUT HIS LAST FEW GOLD COINS TO THE BEST USE, POLONIUS WENT DIRECTLY TO A TAVERN IN THE CRIMINAL DISTRICT, WHERE THEY WERE STILL CAROUSING.
HEY, TAVERN KEEPER! FOR FIVE PIECES OF GOLD LIKE THIS, WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE ACCESS TO THE WIDOW JYNIA... WOULD YOU TAKE ME TO HER?... I'LL GIVE YOU TWO PIECES NOW, AND THREE WHEN WE GET TO HER PLACE.
FOLLOW ME.
HER HOUSE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GHETTO, BUT IF YOU HAVE ME WITH YOU, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.
GET BACK! LET US PASS!

GIVE ME THE GOLD NOW.. WE'LL NEED IT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION IN THE HOUSE
WE'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR MISTRESS
GO ,!
WHAT DO YOU WANT ?
YOUR PROTECTION!
YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN LOOKING FOR AN IMPORTANT POSITION.
ALRIGHT, UNDRESS HIM!

MMMM! PERFECT!
TEE HEE! TEE HEE!
YOU KNOW THE RULES! I GRANT YOU MY PROTECTION, AND YOU MUST OBEY ME COMPLETELY. COM-PLETE-LY! DO YOU AGREE?
I ACCEPT.
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME. TONIGHT THERE'S A FEST AT THE WIDOW'S PALACE. YOU'LL BE A SENSATION!
THAT NIGHT, AT THE WIDOW'S PALACE
SILENCE!
QUICK! PUT YOUR ARMS THERE AND ARCH YOUR BACK..
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POLONIUS!
HA! BRAVO! BRAVO!
OOOH! JYNIA/ WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS ONE?
OH! HMMM! Sweet! TEE HEE! Pretty!
CONGRATU-LATIONS!
HE'S CUTE!
MAGNIF-ICENT!
BRAVO
HA! HA!
OH. HI HI
THEN COMES THE LONG-AWAITED MOMENT...
BRING ME MY SWEETIE!
GET GOING! JYNIA WANTS YOU!
HERE, DRINK THIS WINE...
GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE! I'M JUST PINING AWAY FOR IT!
AAAAH!
MY HERO! AH, YOU'RE MY HERO, WITH YOUR GREEK PROFILE, YOUR SQUARE JAW, AND... AND YOUR BIG PRICK!
LITTLE BASTARD!
AARG!
LITTLE SHIT FUCKER!

LATER THAT NIGHT...
THE WINE WAS DRUGGED.
EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO FAST. THE DESERT... THE PRISON... EZZULIA, THE GOOD LIFE...
THE DREAM IS OVER. AND I'M SAD... THE ORACLE IN THE MOUNTAINS WAS RIGHT.
?
HEY! I KNOW YOU!
YOU'RE POLONIUS!
WHO'S THAT?
I WAS WITH YOU IN THE DESERT. THE EXPEDITION, REMEMBER? WHEN ARE WE GOING BACK? THERE ARE STILL CASES OF THOSE THINGS...
THAT'S ALL OVER! EXPEDITIONS AND ALL THE REST... I'M THROUGH WITH ALL THAT NOW!
WHAT HAS BECOME OF YOU, THEN?
I'M A GOOD CITIZEN OF RU, LIKE THE OTHERS. THAT'S WHAT I'VE BECOME...
TO BE CONTINUED...

"Señor, there's only one way to order tequila."

Ask Two Fingers what was the best tequila.

He was known not to say a word. He'd just hold up two fingers.

That was mighty strange behavior for a tequila man who only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

However, once you got to know him and his Two Fingers Tequila better you understood what he was meaning.

"Stick those two fingers up. You're not going to get some of that dime a dozen stuff!" Two Fingers once hollered at a non-believer in Albuquerque.

The man soon became a believer. A lot of folks in the late 30's did because Two Fingers Tequila had a flavor you could taste—even when you mixed it.

"The way I make it," he'd grin. "That's the difference."

At that point Two Fingers would clam up. No one ever found out what that "way" was.

Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

Luckily his tequila lives on. All you have to do is hold up two fingers when you order. You'll get your money's worth.

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